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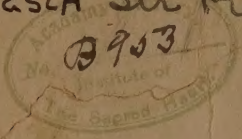

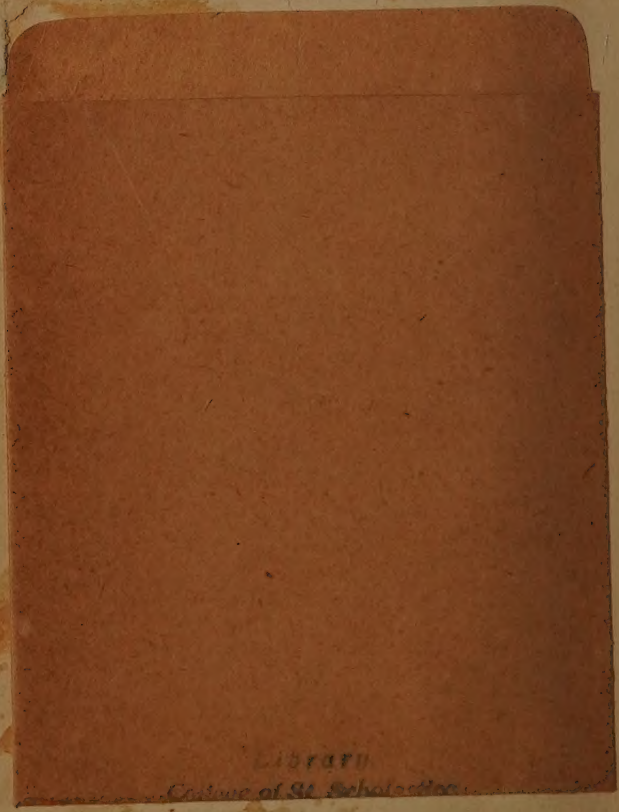

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The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.
Associate Professor of English in Brown University

The Lake English Classics

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

FROM

THE SPECTATOR

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CHICAGO
SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
1902

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PREFACE

There is perhaps no humor in literature more likely to appeal to a girl of sensitive tastes than the delicate strokes of Addison; there is certainly no period in English life so likely to appeal to a boy of masculine tastes as the brilliant and intensely human age of Queen Anne. The humor of Addison must be left to disclose itself; it is never improved by the officiousness of an editor. Much can be done, however, to illustrate and make graphic the age for which and in which Steele and Addison wrote. This is the especial purpose of this volume. In the Introduction, I have not restricted myself to such a brief account of Queen Anne's time as a boy or a girl might read off-hand at a sitting. On the contrary, I have attempted to gather historical material from which the teacher may draw as occasion calls in the class-room. The teacher is urged, however, not to stop here; the pupils need to be set tasks of research for themselves. With this in view, he should, if possible, secure for them access to a complete copy of

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the *Spectator*, or, if that be out of the question, to the *Spectator in London* (published by Seeley & Co. of London). For the best work, he needs on the school shelves or in the town library, Sydney's two volumes on *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*. Macaulay's famous third chapter in his *History of England* will also be useful. For biographical material, Thackeray's *English Humorists*, Courthorpe's *Addison* in the "English Men of Letters" Series and Dobson's *Steele* in the "English Worthies" Series, will furnish all that is needed.

For text I have followed mainly that of Mr. A. Gregory Smith in his new edition of the *Spectator*, so far as it has been published, modernizing, however, the capitalization and the spelling of the original. Into the last paragraph of No. 383, I have introduced a clever emendation, borrowed from Mr. D. O. S. Lowell, and have occasionally for similar reasons omitted brief phrases in other portions of the essays. With these exceptions, this volume will be found, I hope, a faithful transcript of the original. Indeed, the last chapter aims to be an exact copy of the text, that the pupil may see for himself what a page looked like two centuries ago.

A glossary at the back of the volume furnishes explanations of allusions not sufficiently prepared for by the

Introduction, and calls attention to idioms peculiar to the authors or their age. It also contains an index of the material given in the Introduction. In the text, words which the pupil would not naturally look up are indicated by a star.

HERBERT VAUGHAN ABBOTT.

CAMBRIDGE, August, 1898.

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INTRODUCTION

1. The Spectator. Each chapter in the adventures of Sir Roger de Coverley which appears in this volume originally appeared as an issue of a London daily journal of the eighteenth century, called the *Spectator*. It was published in a single sheet of foolscap, printed in double columns, on both sides, and accompanied by a few announcements of booksellers and theatre managers, and the advertisements of private subscribers. It reported no news; it aimed never to discuss politics; it was in reality a daily essay or sketch, to be read by men of fashion over their chocolate and women of fashion over their tea. To understand the novel purposes of this journal and the extraordinary influence it has exerted one needs to know something of these men and women, who they were, how they lived, what they thought.

2. The Streets. The London in which they lived—for they were most of them Londoners—one might walk the length of in but little over an hour, and across in less than half that time. To do it, however, he would often have to dodge into the street among gilded hackney coaches and fashionable sedan chairs, or else elbow his way brusquely and at risk of

an affray, among porters bent under their loads of merchandise, shopmen stationed at their doors, apprentices, hawkers, sneak thieves, sauntering fops and big town bullies. The streets were narrow. There were no street numbers, and shopkeepers distinguished their shops by elaborate signs—blue boars, black swans, red lions and hogs in armor—which swung on creaking hinges over the passers-by. The sidewalks were narrow and divided from the streets by open gutters—kennels they called them then—and by an awkward arrangement of posts and chains. To walk near these kennels in rainy weather was to be drenched from the gutter spouts which, while they hung out a good distance toward the gutters, never sent their stream quite clear of the sidewalk. Rain or shine, men could always pick a quarrel on the privilege of keeping to the wall. One of the most vivid pictures we have of London streets is due to these quarrels regarding the wall. It is from a satirist of the time and runs as follows:

> You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
> Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
> At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose,
> And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,
> Him like the miller pass with caution by
> Lest from his shoulders clouds of powder fly,
> But when the bully with assuming pace
> Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
> Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
> And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side.
> He never turns again, nor dares oppose
> But mutters coward curses as he goes.

3. Night in London. At night, the tin vessels that served for lamps diffused so little light, that every man with an honest errand engaged a torch-bearer to light him on his way. As for protection, every man had to trust to his own rapier. "Apparelled in thick, heavy great-coats, the watchmen perambulated the streets, crying the hour after the chimes, taking precautions for the prevention of fire, proclaiming tidings of foul or fair weather and awakening at daybreak all those who intended setting out on a journey."[1] Neither watchman nor constable, however, had enough wit to serve an honest man in time of danger. The greatest fear at night came not from ordinary criminals, though these were common enough, but from bands of aristocratic young rowdies, who seized peaceable men and women on the streets, tattooed or slashed their faces, rolled reputable women round in barrels, or, imitating the fox hunt, chased some citizen about town till finally they had him at their mercy. Then they kept him dancing with pricks of their swords. Of these ruffians, the most notorious were the Mohocks. It was probably of these that Dr. Johnson was thinking when he wrote the lines:

> Some fiery fop with new commission vain,
> Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man—
> Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
> Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest.

---

[1] Sydney: *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century.*

4. The Beau. The town was full of young men who had nothing to occupy them but brawls, drinking bouts, card-playing, and fine dress, and of these no small proportion spent all their serious attention on dress. The fashionable fop or beau enveloped his head in a well-powdered wig, which needed constant attention, and his neck and wrists in lace ruffles. His coat he threw open to display his costly shirt. He encased his legs in tight-fitting knickerbockers, and his feet in high-heeled shoes with silver buckles. For the street he added to this costume a cocked hat, a diamond-hilted sword, a cane, which hung by a loop from his coat, and not infrequently, if the weather were cold, a muff.

5. The Woman of Fashion. The woman of fashion was a spirited coquette. "There is scarce any emotion in the mind," says one of the writers in the *Spectator*, "which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; in so much, that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it." Her coquetry, however, though it charmed the men of her own circle, would be altogether too pretentious to please taste to-day. She was an affected creature. On pleasant days she would throw a scarlet cloak over her shoulders, and with her lap-dog or her monkey under her arm, mince down the street to

see the fashions. She had just given up her towering head-dress;[1] her petticoats, says the *Spectator*, "were blown into an enormous concave," and her feet were propped up on high-heeled shoes. One device she had for giving dignity to her appearance; she powdered her hair and face, and set off her complexion by little pieces of black silk or velvet, called "patches." Skilful hands made these devices charming, but the hands of the ordinary woman scattered the powder clumsily and multiplied the patches till they became absurd. On depressing days, the great lady stayed at home and nursed her one cherished ailment, for every fashionable woman chose to consider herself subject to the blues, or, as she called them, the "vapors." On these occasions she was moody, irritable, and when crossed, might, if she were only fashionable enough, become hysterical.

6. A Fashionable Library. Sir Roger de Coverley's acquaintance among the ladies was largely confined to those who aspired to learning. It is worth one's while to go over in detail the library which one of these ladies[2]

[1] Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago, it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. . . . At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five; how they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn.—*The Spectator, June 22, 1711.*

[2] Leonora. See pages 73-78 in this volume.

is described as having. Her shelves contained four French romances, *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Astræa* and *Clelia*. These stories strung out anywhere from three to ten volumes in length, and were full of sentimental shepherds, romantic knights, flowery meads and purling streams. In Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, first published by his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, she had another story of the same general sort, though it was far more genuine in feeling. Among those volumes of hers which no lady's library must be without were the famous Elzevir editions of Latin, French and German classics, Dryden's *Juvenal*, Ogilby's *Virgil*, which, though a wretched translation, was beautifully illustrated, and Baker's *Chronicle*, a popular jumble of the old English histories and a favorite volume of the lady's friend, *Sir Roger*. Her religious books had all at one time or another been in the fashion. There was Dick Steele's *Christian Hero;* the author was too gallant not to be popular; there was Sherlock on *Death;* he was Dean of the great London Cathedral, St. Paul's; there was Sacheverell's speech; he was the idol of all the ladies of the Tory party. Ever since he had undergone trial for making scurrilous attacks on the Whigs, these ladies had chosen to consider him a martyr. Sir William Temple, whose works were on her shelves, was a polished but conventional essayist; Locke and Newton were profound and abstruse writers on scientific and philosophic topics far above her capacity; and the *Ladies' Calling* was a sort of sequel to the *Whole Duty of Man*, a treatise in morals which had run through

many editions. Side by side with these pious volumes stood "Handsome Fielding's" trial for bigamy, Thomas D'Urfey's gross and dissolute songs and plays, and the *New Atlantis*, a collection of coarse and malicious scandals.[1]

7. A Fashionable Garden. It was no uncommon thing in the early part of the eighteenth century for a painted coquette or a roguish old beau to profess a love for Nature and simple out-door life. No sooner, however, did they establish a country seat out of London than they began to make it as artificial as themselves. They laid out the paths in geometrical figures, they dug out artificial grottoes, and lined them with shells and bits of looking-glass that should glitter under the rays of artificial light; they even pruned the trees into cones, pyramids, globes or fantastic shapes of men and animals.

8. Fashionable Amusements. The Theatre. Dancing was the only active exercise in which the woman of fashion ever thought of indulging. She went through the mysteries of the masked ball, the complicated steps of the minuet or the country-dance (or, as we should say, square dance), bet with men at the gaming-table, saw Powell, practically the inventor of Punch and Judy, exhibit his puppet-show in Covent Garden, or visited the opera, which was just then doubly popular because of its novelty in London and its pretentious stage-

[1] As the author dared not speak of the victims of her slander by their real names, she used feigned ones. To enjoy the full thought of the book, therefore, Leonora got a key.

settings.[1] The theatre, however, was still the place where the stranger would turn for the fashionable display of the city. Here, at six o'clock, the world gathered to see and to be seen, to hear and to be heard. The upper gallery held the noisy artizans, mechanics, body-servants and apprentices of the town. "It is observed," says the *Spectator*, in one of its satires, "there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with anything that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the 'trunk-maker in the upper gallery.' Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some I know who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery and from time to time makes these strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported that it is a dumb man who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with anything he sees or hears. Others will

[1] For satire on opera and puppet show, see the *Spectator*, Nos. 5, 13, 14, 18, 22, 29, and 31.

have it to be the play-house thunderer that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the roof. But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black[1] man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant[2] with great attention to everything that passes on the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing anything that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in the way with exceeding vehemence. After which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him at work."

9. The Pit. The lower gallery held the plain and substantial citizens, and the pit the barristers, law students and young merchants of note on the Exchange. Well toward the front were the self-appointed critics, like the Templar,[3] who were versed in plays, and whose judgment often determined the fate of a new venture. Fashionable lords and ladies, more conscious of their brilliant costumes than of the performance, hired chairs from the players and sat on the stage. Not to be outdone in splendor, the players, whatever the performance, dressed in the latest fashions. Cato would wear a wig, and an ancient British maiden a modern head-dress. Fops in the audience, afraid they were not getting atten-

[1] Dark complexioned.

[2] Cudgel.

[3] See pages 56-57 in this volume.

tion enough by their ogling and finery, picked quarrels and drew their swords. Sydney, in his *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, describes one such affray. "One evening, in 1720, while the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield, was captivating an audience with her impersonation of the *Scornful Lady*, Beau Robert Fielding . . . insulted a barrister named Fulwood by pushing rudely against him. Fulwood loudly expostulating, the beau clapped his hand upon his sword. Fulwood drew his, and ran it into the body of his antagonist, who walked off exhibiting his bleeding wound to the audience in order to excite the pity of the fair sex. Greatly to his chagrin, the ladies laughed loudly at his misfortune."

10. Differences of Opinion. The audience did not hesitate to make their opinions of the performance known, and on two important issues were apt to break up into distinct factions. One issue was politics. The popularity of the playwright, like that of the author and the clergyman, depended not a little on whether he was a Whig or Tory. The other issue was one of art and morals. Comedies written in the fashion which had prevailed before the days of the *Spectator* were scandalously immoral. A new school of playwrights, among them the authors of that journal, was just coming into vogue. It was their purpose to clear the stage of immorality. Not all men of leisure were beaus. Many of them gave their time freely to the serious business of the state, to the encouragement of art, philosophy, science and letters, or with more modest aims

raised the tone of the society they were in by conducting themselves as honest English gentlemen. These men were ready to welcome clean and honest work. Unfortunately, the new school was not satisfied with trying to be pure in morals; it was stiff and pedantic, and wrote, not naturally, but according to arbitrary rules. The *Distrest Mother*,[1] which Sir Roger de Coverley is made to puff, was a play of the new school. The editors of the *Spectator* were determined to make the author popular; his enemies coined from his name, Ambrose Phillips, the epithet *namby-pamby*.

11. The Coffee-House. "If you would know our manner of living," writes a man of the period, "'tis thus: We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the beau mŏnde assembles in coffee or chocolate houses. If it be fine, we take a turn in the Park till two, when we go to dinner." It was to these coffee or chocolate houses that a stranger would turn if he wished to find out what the men of London were interested in and thoughtful about. They were the places of rendezvous for the wits, the gallants, the politicians, the poets,

[1]See pages 213-217, in this volume. When the play opens, Andromache, the widow of Hector, is a captive of the Greeks. To save her son Astyanax from death, she finds she must consent to marry her captor Pyrrhus. Immediately after the ceremony, Pyrrhus is slain at the instigation of Hermione, to whom he had long been betrothed. The assassin is a lover of Hermione, by name Orestes.

the merchants, the essayists of the age. The highwayman that, well-masked, had robbed you the night before as you rode into London might brush against you as you laid your penny of admission down at the bar. The great Dr. Swift, the satirist of the town, might be stalking up and down, grim and silent, between the tables. Many a poor scribbler for the booksellers, who slept all night in a garret, picked out some coffee-house as his regular place of address, and made all his appointments and received his few letters there. It was the place to see the latest fashion of the fop, to hear the brilliant conversation of men of letters, and to learn the latest news of the English armies against the French. "I first of all called in at St. James's," says one of the writers of the *Spectator*, "where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour."

12. Special Coffee-Houses. Of the two thousand coffee-houses in London at this time, the Sir Roger de Coverley papers refer to seven. The oldest coffee-house in town was the Grecian, the resort of the Learned Club. At Will's, situated over a retail shop near Covent Garden and the theatres, the wits and the poets had congregated for many years. The great poet Dryden

had gathered all his disciples there; but one of the editors of the *Spectator*, Joseph Addison, had set up a new literary circle at Button's, and Will's was losing some of its old reputation. It was card-playing, not wit, which was now its chief attraction. Child's, in St. Paul's churchyard, was frequented by ecclesiastics and other professional men, Jonathan's by stockjobbers, Squires's by lawyers and law students, the coffee-house in the Tilt Yard, by "military and mock-military fellows who manfully pulled the noses of quiet citizens who wore not swords," the Chocolate House, also known as the Cocoa Tree, by the Tories, and St. James by the Whigs. There is a tale of this last coffee-house worth quoting because it concerns the chief editor of the *Spectator*, Sir Richard Steele. "Lord Forbes," says the narrator, "happened to be in company with . . . two military gentlemen . . . in St. James's Coffee-House, when two or three well-dressed men, all unknown to his lordship or to his company, came into the room, and in a public, outrageous manner abused Captain Steele as the author of the *Tatler*.[1] One of them, with great audacity and vehemence, swore that he would cut Steele's throat or teach him better manners. 'In this country,' said Lord Forbes, 'you will find it easier to cut a purse than to cut a throat.' His brother officers joined with his lordship, and turned the cut-throats out with every mark of disgrace."[2]

[1] A tri-weekly journal which preceded the *Spectator*.

[2] For further descriptions of the Coffee-House, see the *Spectator*, Nos. 46, 49, 148, 197, 403.

13. The City. By this time the thoughtful reader will begin to wonder where all the money came from to support the life of London. It came from great landed estates in the country on the one hand, and from a rapidly growing commerce on the other. "When I have been upon the 'Change,'[1] " says the *Spectator*, in one of its issues, "I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury." The community centering about this enormous mine of wealth was called in distinction from the court and the aristocracy the "city," and its members were known as "citizens." In this region were gathered the great merchants of the realm. Every day they increased in power; every day they grew prouder of their increasing wealth. Their wealth, however, could not save them from the witticisms of the clever fellows about town. Too often, indeed, the witticisms were well deserved. The average merchant was apt to be pompous and self-important, and the very fact that he could not get admittance to a lord's levees or a lady's

[1] Exchange.

routs[1] only made him strut a little more vain-gloriously. There were few merchants as dignified as Sir Andrew Freeport,[2] and few clever writers willing to treat him with as much respect as the editors of the *Spectator* show to that worthy gentleman.

14. The Landed Interest.

It was not from the "city," however, that men of fashion drew their wealth. It came for the most part from the rents of landed estates in the country. This land had descended to them from their fathers, and, however great the debts which they slipped off their shoulders when they too went to their graves, this land would for the most part descend to their eldest sons, who could neither dispose of it nor bequeath it elsewhere. Creditors might make up their losses as best they could, and younger sons, at least those who could not live on the generosity of their elder brothers, were left to their own resources. To these younger sons, only three kinds of employment seemed honorable,—statecraft, fighting in her Majesty's army or navy, and the Church; or, if the estates of the father had been comparatively small, they might without disgrace try law or medicine. Meanwhile, their elder brothers kept up the honor of the family name.

15. Travel into the Country.

Many landlords, however, seldom if ever saw the city of London. To know their manner of life, one must travel into the country districts; and journeying was slow and danger-

[1] The term used for fashionable assemblies in the eighteenth century.

[2] See page 58, in this volume.

ous. Every highway of importance was marked by gibbets, and from many a gibbet hung the corpse of a highwayman. The coaches were without springs, and the roads were almost intolerable. "On the best lines of communication," says one writer, "ruts were so deep and obstructions so formidable that it was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the road became available. Seldom could two vehicles pass each other unless one of them stopped." The inns along the route were identified to a passer-by by their grotesque signs, but to the old stager they must have stood out even more distinctly for the oddities of the host or hostess. Few of these worthies probably had ever stepped out of their own county. Many of them probably had never been a half-day's ride from home. A journey made from county to county was like an ocean voyage thirty years ago. The passengers quickly got acquainted. And wherever they stopped the men always paid for the women's refreshments as well as their own.

16. The Country Gentleman.

It was only after some such journey as this that one came into the petty territories of the small country gentleman, where, the year round, he lived among his tenants. His house was usually either of plaster striped with timber, or else of red brick with long bow-windows. Unpleasantly close to his house was his stable, and usually the whole space between was little better than a stable-yard. The owner himself was generally a roystering fellow who devoted his attention to hunting, cock-fighting, smoking, drinking and lording it over his neighbors. He

might follow the fox or the hare wherever it went, though he trampled down the standing grain on his tenants' or his neighbors' estates. If his income were of a certain figure, he might confiscate to his own use the guns, nets and traps which he found in the possession of the man of more ordinary means.[1] In his pleasures, the law gave him the privileges of a petty despot.

17. Hunting Fashions. In the half century before the *Spectator* was published, travel to and from London had grown a little more common. In that same period, the country squires had fallen into the habit of meeting occasionally at some central bowling-green to bowl, dine, dance, or discuss the news of the county. Still, the ordinary squire seldom if ever saw London; and he cared less for his neighbors than he did for his hounds, his horses, his pipe and his beer. In fashions, he always lagged behind the age. Like his father, he selected his hounds not so much for their speed as for the musical effect of their voices when they blended in the chase. His hunting too was primitive. Much of the land was still so overrun with bogs and ditches that the master of the pack had to follow the dogs on foot, and by the long pole he balanced in his hand vault the spots which the men on horseback had carefully to skirt.

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[1] This privilege was given him by the game act. A man had to have forty pounds a year in rents or a handsomer sum in other forms of property before he was allowed to hunt. A man with a hundred pounds a year in rents had the privilege of confiscation.

18. The Country Squire.

The administration of much of the county law was left in the hands of the country gentlemen. The humblest office open to them was that of justice of the peace, which brought with it the honorary title of "Squire." In this capacity, they gave marriage certificates, bound disorderly persons over to keep the peace, and in criminal courts, meeting quarterly and known as quarter-sessions, administered the highway, game and poor laws. Twice a year the judges of the superior courts held court sessions—known as assizes—in the various counties of England, and summoned such squires as were "eminent for knowledge and prudence" to sit with them. This body of "eminent" squires was known as the quorum. In addition to receiving such honors, the landed gentleman might be elected "Sheriff of the County," an office which gave him the right to appear on state occasions in court dress; or, if he were a knight, he might be elected to Parliament as "knight (or member) of the shire." Many a squire would have found it impossible to administer even the simple office of justice of the peace had it not been for the clever coaching of his clerk. In almost every case his pretensions to learning were very slight. He had had perhaps a year or so at the University, but even there he had devoted himself more to roystering than to learning, and when he had returned to his estates he was usually quite willing to settle back into his old ignorance. His knowledge of law was drilled into him by his clerk; as for a knowledge of literature, he was content to pick up from some

book popular in the country regions a few proverbial expressions, with which he flavored his conversation on all occasions.[1]

19. The Church. Besides its rents to the landlords, every farm had to pay one-tenth of its yearly produce to the support of the Church. This Church was a great political institution. Membership in it, like the oath to support the Constitution, was a sign of patriotism, not of religious devotion. Parliament not only settled what the rites of the Church should be, but refused political office to any one who had not taken the communion according to those rites. The great prizes in the Church occasionally went to men of brilliant talents; quite as often, perhaps, to men who had family influence and a little cleverness of their own to back

[1] "But that Sir Roger may appear in this, as in other respects, above the average of his order, there is in Coverley Hall a library rich in 'divinity and MS. household receipts.' Sir Roger, too, had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's *Chronicle* and other authors 'who always lie in his hall window'; and, however limited his own classic lore, it is certain that both in love and friendship he displayed strong literary sympathies. The perverse widow, whose cruelty darkened his whole existence, was a 'reading lady,' a 'desperate scholar,' and in argument 'as learned as the best philosopher in Europe,' one who, when in the country, 'does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants.' . . . Besides the Spectator—to whom he eventually bequeathed his books—he indulged a platonic admiration for Leonora, a widow, formerly a celebrated woman, and still a very lovely woman, who turned all the passion of her sex into a love of books and retirement."—*W. H. Wills.*

them; they seldom fell to men of religious earnestness. Many of the clergy spent their time enjoying the pleasures of London, and seldom saw the steeples of their own parish churches. Even of those who lived in their parishes, a large number gave most of their time to farming, hunting, drinking and gambling. "I found a parson drunk," writes Dean Swift, in one of his letters, "fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise as to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and so I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat[1] so overtaken." The right of appointing a clergyman to any particular church belonged usually to some landed proprietor, who exercised it to repay a political favor, to push the fortunes of his own relations, or to satisfy his own whims. From the duke to the squire, every landed proprietor had in his employ a domestic chaplain. On small country estates, this poor fellow was treated as a sort of man of all work. "In addition to digging for an hour or two daily in the garden or the orchard," says a historian of the period, he "was required to bring the hope of the family past the wearisome bitterness of his learning, to check the rent-book and the miller's score, to shoe the horses, to say grace at meals, and to withdraw as soon as the cheese and tarts made their appearance on the table." "I always keep a chaplain," wrote one bitter satirist, "to drink my foul wine for me."

[1] In the garb or livery of my profession.

20. The Whigs and the Tories. All through the eighteenth century, there were two great political parties in England, the Tories and the Whigs. The Tory wished all the powers of government to be in the hands of the landed families, which had inherited their wealth and their reputation from a remote past. The three things dear to a Tory's heart were old times, old families, and great estates. The Whig, on the other hand, cared little for old times; he respected wealth wherever it came from, and wished every prosperous man to have an honorable share in the government. Three quarters of a century before, a quarrel similar to that between the Whigs and the Tories had begun between the Stuart kings of England on the one hand and the House of Commons on the other. They had fought against each other through two civil wars. Finally the House of Commons had triumphed, and set up a new line of sovereigns of their own choosing, but the Tory always looked back a bit wistfully to the time when the Stuarts were kings by sheer right of birth, and he suspected every Whig of being a republican in disguise. The Whig, on the other hand, was devotedly loyal to the new dynasty, and believed, with a good deal of justice, that the Tories were plotting to bring back the hated Stuart tyrants. The Tory's religious prejudices were affected by the political questions of the time, and he counted every political opponent an enemy of the Church. The Whig was a bigoted Protestant, and suspected his opponents of being Roman Catholics. Both parties were led by great rival families who handed

down their intense jealousies of one another from generation to generation. The most important difference between them, however, was one of self-interest. The country gentry and the clergy were Tories because their interests were wrapped up in the preservation of the landed estates; the great merchants were Whigs because their prosperity was dependent on the growing commerce of England. The intensity of party feeling it would be hard to describe. When the Tories came into power, a Tory mob burned Whig chapels and religious meeting-houses; later, courtiers and fine ladies aired their personal and political quarrels before the Queen, and even the editors of the *Spectator*, hard as they had labored to introduce good-nature and kindness into political life, could not escape the spirit of the times. Their long and earnest friendship ended in political differences and personal bitterness.

21. The War. During much of this time, England was waging a brilliant but protracted war against France and Spain. To fill up her navy, ships' crews were kidnapping able-bodied men from the streets; to fill up her armies, the recruiting sergeant was going through the country districts, gathering in the criminals from the jails and coaxing honest men, when drunk, to enlist for a few shillings. These men were led by active young fellows of good family, who had bought their lieutenancies or captaincies for some hundreds of pounds, and over them all was the great but dishonest commander, Marlborough. Brilliant as were some of the English victories, the majority of the people

were growing tired of the war. Taxes were heavy, and the corruption among the army officers was becoming more and more scandalous. From the start, it had been a Whig war, for it was bound to increase the West Indian commerce of England; but the Tories were now in power and in their eyes the war appeared to be doing little good. It was at this juncture that the greatest of the English allies, the Austrian general, Prince Eugene, visited England to change, if he could, the current of English feeling. At first it seemed as if he might be successful. Even the Tories received him with homage, for they could not forget his military skill and courage, and he never ventured on the streets without being surrounded by eager crowds. With all his courtesy and skill, however, his arguments finally gave offense. Tory society gave him the cold shoulder, and men who made their living by writing Tory pamphlets uttered the sentiments of the English government by abusing him with foul language.

22. Pamphleteers. The place of the modern editorial writer on a daily paper was taken in old times by these bitter, scurrilous pamphleteers. No degree of personal slander was too coarse for them. Afraid, however, of the law, or else of a sound cudgeling at the hands of their victim, they tried to cover up their full meaning under an absurd system of stars and dashes. Most of these pamphlets would seem dull to the average reader of to-day. Any one with a quick wit, however, can detect what they must have been like from the following good-humored caricature of them which appears

in the pages of the *Spectator:* "If there are *four* Persons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confusion and ruin their native Country, I think every honest Engl-shm-n ought to be on his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me, who hears me name * * * with his first Friend and Favourite * * * not to mention * * * nor * * * These People may cry Ch-rch, Ch-rch, as long as they please, but to make use of a homely Proverb, the proof of the P-dd-ng is in the eating. * * * * I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy to his Country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ss, etc., etc."

23. Journalists. When the *Spectator* published its first issue, daily papers were a comparatively new thing. The first one ever established in England had begun only nine years before, and then only in very primitive fashion. It was fourteen inches long, eight inches wide, and was printed only on one side of the sheet. The reading matter of the first issue consisted of six short paragraphs translated from the foreign papers. For news people still depended on the coffee-house, on pamphlets, on queer little weeklies, and on what was called the newsletter, a little manuscript journal written out by the editor with his own pen on a sheet of fine paper and then painfully copied on similar sheets by his clerks. Half even of this sheet was left blank that the

purchaser might add to it his own private business before he mailed it to his friends in the country. "It was our custom at Sir Roger's," says the *Spectator*, in one of its issues, "upon the coming in of the Post to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old Knight read Dyer's Letter; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice—smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author." On account of the heavy restrictions still hampering the freedom of the press, the news of the weeklies was meagre, misleading, and always expressed with a great show of mystification. Roughly speaking, until the editors of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* set a better fashion, the ordinary journalist in England was a contemptible and ill-natured gossip.

24. The Spectator Again. It takes the nicest sort of skill to civilize barbarians who already think themselves the most civilized of men; and this is really what the *Spectator* set out to do. For people whose whole thought had been bent on following the latest affectation in dress, oaths, coquetry and dueling, it set up simple and wholesome ideals of life and made them popular. It commented on the little things of daily life, jested with suavity at extravagances, reasoned with fools on their vices and follies, and in general made vanity amusing, ostentation ridiculous, and meanness contemptible. It contained some pleasant raillery for those who thought it religious to wear long faces, and it contained tokens of respect for the clergyman who did his duty in quiet, unostentatious fidelity. It brought

different classes of people together, and showed the Whig and the Tory "what a large extent of ground they might occupy in common."[1] Wisdom it brought "out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses."[2]

25. Joseph Addison. The chief contributor to the *Spectator* was Joseph Addison, a scholar, poet, and diplomatist, then just in his prime. His early home life might seem too grave and formal to suit the children of to-day, but when Addison was young, all courtesy had something grave and formal in it, and the circle that gathered under the Addison roof was at heart very simple and natural. His father was Dean of Lichfield, a gentleman who had traveled in France and Tangiers, and had written works highly esteemed in their time; his two brothers were of "excellent talent," and his sister Dorothy was "a kind of wit, very like her brother." At fifteen years of age young Addison entered the University of Oxford. By the time he was twenty-one, his reputation as a man of taste and scholarship had reached the men of letters in London. Six years later, on the strength of some conventional verse he had written, he received a pension of £300 a year, that he might fit himself for diplomatic service abroad. He spent a year in France, traveled into Italy, where "at every turn his memory suggested fresh quotations from the whole range of Latin poetry," visited Vienna and returned to England in 1703. On

[1] Courthorpe, *Addison* in the *English Men of Letters* Series.
[2] *Spectator*, No. 10.

his return he was invited to join the famous Kit-Cat Club, composed of the leaders of the great Whig party. A little later, he wrote to order a poem to commemorate the victory which the great Whig general, Marlborough, had won at Blenheim. Of this poem, *The Campaign*, one brief description of Marlborough is still remembered:

> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
> And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But as a whole the poem, though finished and scholarly, might well be forgotten. It is in fact rather a tedious performance. Nevertheless for this verse he was made Under Secretary of State. In 1709, he was appointed Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he first began the sort of essays for which the *Spectator* has made him famous. In 1711, while the *Spectator* was coming out, he purchased an estate in Warwickshire for £10,000; in 1713 he saw his play of *Cato* acted before enthusiastic throngs at the theatre; in 1716 he married Lady Warwick; in 1717 he was made a Secretary of State. He retired in 1718, with a pension of £1,500, and died one year later when still only forty-seven years of age.

26. Addison at the Coffee-House. During all these ups and downs of political fortune, he was mingling with men of affairs as well as men of letters, was writing political pamphlets as well as literary essays. With all his pleasure in learning, he lived as much among people

as among books, and, though in his light and easy style, he touched often, perhaps too often, on the little oddities in feminine fashions, he lived more among men than among women. A man's man, he was seldom to be seen at fashionable assemblies. He was most at home in the coffee-house which Button, an old servant of his or Lady Warwick's, had established in Covent Garden. Here, with his tobacco and his wine, he sat late into the night, his friends and admirers gathered around him. He, if any one, was counted the leader among the great wits and writers of the time. Other men were abler than he, but none of them had the modesty and sweetness of temper, the lightness and delicacy of wit, the graceful simplicity of language which made the quiet Addison, when he was stimulated by his friends or his surroundings, the master of every conversation in which he took part. Even the envious but wonderfully clever Pope acknowledged that Addison "had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man," and the bitter, cynical Swift declared that often as they spent their evenings together he never wished for a third person. "If he had a mind to be chosen king," said that same biting satirist, with an enthusiastic humor quite unlike his usual self, "he would hardly be refused."

27. Prudent Mr. Addison. There is another side to the picture, however. Just, kindly, often forbearing in his friendship, he never quite forgot to be prudent even in behalf of a friend. He was more likely to give a

spendthrift good counsel than to lend him his purse in hearty, open fashion. When it was proposed that he let off an old acquaintance from some official fee, he good-humoredly replied: "I have forty friends whose fees may be worth two guineas apiece; I lose eighty guineas and my friends gain but two apiece." He was in truth a bit cold-blooded in his friendships. "I ask no favor of Mr. Secretary Addison," wrote Steele, too proud to solicit from a life-long colleague a kindness which a more generous man than Addison would have proffered off-hand.

28. His Kindly Spirit. Yet few men in literary life have been more considerate; few men have guarded more calmly and steadily against giving unnecessary pain. There is in his wittiest satires something of the same quietness, something of the same placidity, which pervades his familiar evening hymn:

> Soon as the evening shades prevail,
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of her birth;
> And all the stars that round her burn,
> And all the planets in their turn,
> Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from pole to pole.
> What though, in solemn silence, all
> Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
> What though no real voice or sound,
> Among their radiant orbs be found;
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine.

29. Dick Steele. When the young Addison went up to the famous Charterhouse school in London to finish his preparation for the university, he met among the pupils there a boy, six weeks his senior, who was destined to become his benefactor, his gallant follower, his colleague, his life-long admirer, and except for a sorry political quarrel at the very close of Addison's life, his life-long friend. At this time young Steele was under the care of an uncle, for his father had died when he was but five years old, and his mother had died soon after. "I remember," he writes, speaking of his father's death, "I went into the room where his body lay and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin and calling 'Papa,' for, I know not how, I had some slight idea he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground whence he could never come to us again."

30. The Details of his Life. Steele followed Addison to the university, but he was so eager to join in the war which was then waging against France that he could not stay to graduate. In 1694, he enlisted as a private gentleman in the second troop of life-guards. A few years later he became a captain. His military ambitions had not kept him from trying his pen in a literary venture or so, and by 1700 he was well known to some

of the chief wits of the time. In the same year, one or two of his acquaintances having thought fit to misuse him and try their valor upon him, he fought a duel in Hyde Park with a Captain Kelly, whom he wounded dangerously, though not mortally. "This occurrence laid the foundation of that dislike of dueling which he ever after exhibited." Finding his military life exposed to much irregularity, he wrote his treatise on the *Christian Hero*, to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion. This treatise he afterwards published "as a standing admonition against himself." He helped purify the stage by writing clean plays, was for a time the editor of the official newspaper of the court, the *Gazette*, and on the 12th of April, 1709, laid the foundation of his permanent fame by starting a tri-weekly journal of essays, called the *Tatler*. To this journal Addison, then in Ireland, was a frequent and welcome contributor. A little later, the paper gave way to a new undertaking of theirs, the *Spectator*. In 1713, Steele was elected a member of Parliament. "Expelled from the House of Commons by the insolent and unmanly sanction of a majority," he was again elected to that body in 1715. In 1718, he lost his wife, who was buried in Westminster Abbey. From that time on he engaged in theatrical affairs, wrote his fourth comedy, risked and lost his money in wildcat ventures, and finally withdrew to a small estate in Wales, where he died in 1729.[1]

[1] For the facts of this paragraph and for very much of the phrasing, the editor is indebted to Mr. Austin Dobson's life of Steele in the *English Worthies* Series.

31. His Frankness of Temper. The most characteristic thing about Steele's face was the "Irish vivacity that lighted up his eyes." He was one of the most sanguine of mortals, always active and always confident that his latest venture would make him his fortune. It is said that an alchemist once duped him into believing that he could discover the philosopher's stone which should turn all things into gold. However this may be, so lively were his hopes of winning prosperity that on the strength of them he always ran beyond his income, and was always beset by creditors who somehow did not share his confidence. The courage with which he faced the future made him all the franker to acknowledge the shortcomings of his past. There was never any cowardly attempt on his part to bolster up his reputation. When a correspondent took him to task in the *Tatler* for letting a piece of grossness slip into one of his comedies, he accepted the correction, dwelt good-humoredly but soundly on its truth, and corrected the fault in the next edition of the play. His modesty was of a brave, outspoken sort. He was never tired of acknowledging the debt he owed to Addison for criticising and correcting his literary work. Any one, he declared of himself, could tell from the quality of his writings when Mr. Addison was at home and when abroad.

32. His Simplicity of Feeling. Steele, however, was high-spirited enough to resent injustice even from Addison. For the estrangement which separated them during the closing days of Addison's life, it is hard to see that Steele was in any sense to blame. Addison

had attempted to confute him in a political argument. Not succeeding, perhaps, as well as he had hoped, and no doubt rendered peevish by the fatal illness from which he was suffering, he finally descended into irritating little personalities. At first Steele met them with great good humor. At last, stung by the changed attitude of his old friend, he replied to them with pathetic but dignified reproaches that did credit to his own self-respect, as well as to his loyalty toward old memories. In many respects, Steele remained all through his life an overgrown boy; he was apt to act first and think afterwards; he never adapted means to ends; he took his chances that everything would come out right in the end. But when once his affection was aroused, he met the trials of life not only with sweetness of temper but with resoluteness of heart and dignity of bearing. Any one who would see with what affection, gallantry, dignity, wit and humor, a very human husband can address a very petulant wife should read the letters[1] which this

[1] The following may serve as illustrations:

June 5th, 1708.

DEAR PRUE:—What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compasse you shall always enjoy, and have no body near you that You do not like except I am myself disapproved by You for being devotedly,

Y'r Obedient Husband,

RICH'D STEELE.

I shan't come home till night.

June 7th, 1708.

DEAR PRUE:—I enclose you a Guiniea for y'r Pocket. I dine with Ld. Hallifax.

captain in the Coldstream Guards dashed off on the impulse of the moment to his wife. They are full of a kindly, half-humorous appeal to her best self. "I am told," says his old friend Victor in his *Original Letters*, "that he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last; and would often be carried out on a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their several sports, and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent the mercer, for a new gown for the best dancer."

33. Dobson on Steele.

"There have been wiser, stronger, greater men," says Austin Dobson. "But many a strong man would have been stronger for a touch of Steele's indulgent sympathy; many a great man has wanted his genuine largeness of heart, many a wise man might learn something from his deep and wide humanity." "If Addison," says the same critic, "delights us by his finish, he repels us by his restraint and absence of fervor; if Steele is careless, he is always frank and genial. Addison's papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence which

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I wish I knew how to Court you into Good-Humour, for Two or Three Quarrels more will dispatch Me quite. If you have any Love for Me believe I am always pursuing our Mutual Good. Pray consider that all my little fortune is to be settled this month and that I have inadvertently made myself Liable to Impatient People who take all advantages. If you have not patience I shall transact my businesse rashly and Lose a very great sum to Quicken the time of yr being ridd of all people you don't like. Yrs Ever,

RICH'D STEELE.

is beyond the reach of Steele's quicker and more impulsive nature. But for words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white-heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation, we must turn to the essays of Steele."

34. Budgell. Of Eustace Budgell, the third author represented in the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*, little need be said. He was a scapegrace protégé of Addison's, quarreled with his superiors in office, gambled his property away in speculation, tried to recover his fortunes by forging a will, and finally, filling his pockets with stones, plunged into the Thames. His contributions to the *Spectator* were probably under Addison's direction, and subject to his revision.

35. A Picture of the Age. The sketches which compose the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* contain but a small fraction of the literary work of Addison and Steele. The reader who, when he has finished these papers, goes no further in his acquaintance with the *Spectator* loses many of its most picturesque essays. The *Spectator* has been read from generation to generation for its subtle humor; it has been read for its graceful style; but most of all, perhaps, it has been read for its graphic pictures of a bygone age. With the exception of *Pepys's Diary*, no English book exists to-day which tells with the same faithful detail how ancestors of ours have looked and acted. One who has familiarized himself with the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* can imagine himself

at will among our barbarous and yet ceremonious ancestors of a hundred and ninety years ago.[1]

[1] After reading this volume, let the reader turn for example to Nos. 12, 15, 16, 64, 69, 101, 150, 251, 324, 328, 452, 454, 474, and 481. The truest pictures of eighteenth century life he will find in numbers into which the idealized old knight, Sir Roger, does not enter.

ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

I

THE SPECTATOR

[*No. 1.—Addison. Thursday, March 1, 1710-11.*]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.[1]
—*Horace.*

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several[2] persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

[1] He means to produce not smoke from flame but light from smoke, so that he may bring forth in succession wondrous beauties.

[2] Note the force of *the* here.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge: Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity* that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world, seemed to favor my mother's dream: For, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage, I had the reputation of* a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite with my schoolmaster, who used to say, "that my parts were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence: For during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not

remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen: nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation

of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres, both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator[1] of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of an husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories[2] unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have

[1] The Spectator is an imaginary character. Macaulay justly says of it, however, "It is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter,—Addison."

[2] In the following pages, does he succeed in doing this?

acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out,* if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to* in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet

come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work. For, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

C.

II

THE CLUB

[*No. 2—Steele.* *Friday, March 2.*]

——Ast alii sex,
Et plures, conclamant ore.[1]

—*Juvenal.*

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor* creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine

[1] But six others and more cry out together with one voice.

gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. * * * * * * He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed.* His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit,* and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in

pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer* and take care of in the lump: He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates, among men, which arise from them. He knows the argument* of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered. at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms;[1] for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain

[1] How do you explain Sir Andrew Freeport's position on the war? See Introduction, Sections 20 and 21.

Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself,—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it, "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him": Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to

be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists,* unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits* as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world: As other men of his age will take notice to you

what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabell begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his functions would oblige him to, he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integ-

rity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

III

SIR ROGER ON FASHION AND VIRTUE

[*No. 6.—Steele. Wednesday, March 7.*]

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.[1]

—*Juvenal.*

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse* of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities* of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, That he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick*

[1] They held it to be gross impiety, worthy of death, if a youth did not rise in the presence of age.

admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill* man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped.

"Every man who terminates* his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of fine parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance* and equipage*, appears in the same condition with the fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him.* I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every

action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as* unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man."

This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular* persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole

creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable, or becoming, but

what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous* as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it."

R.

IV

THE CLUB AGAIN

[*No. 34.—Addison. Monday, April 9.*]

——Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera——.[1]
—*Juvenal.*

The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who* have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my

[1] A wild beast spares the creature spotted like itself.

speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest* manner he could, that there were some ladies ("But for your comfort," says Will, "they are not those of the most wit") that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show: That some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish, beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew "that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign." He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies

of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a "Pish!" and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator" (applying himself to me), "to take care how you meddle with country squires: They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one* or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy

friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: That it was not quality,* but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid, ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right, and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness.

The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain—who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

V

A LADY'S LIBRARY

[*No. 37.—Addison. Thursday, April 12.*]

——Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus——.[1]

—Virgil.

Some months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady, whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora,* and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of *a lady's library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of

[1] Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled.—*Dryden.*

all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture and stained with the greatest variety of dyes.

That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know, at first, whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use; but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Lock of Human Understanding;[1] with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malebranche's Search after Truth; translated into English.

A book of novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse, by Mr. D'Urfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.[2]

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[1] A poor pun on Locke's famous essay concerning the Human Understanding.

[2] The phrase "by the same hand" was a common phrase at this time for "by the same author." Here it means by the binder or carpenter,—a sly hit at the superficiality of Leonora's understanding.

Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atalantis, with a key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.[1]

A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health; I answered "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite

[1] Written by Dick Steele in one of his serious moments. Addison doesn't resist the temptation to quiz him on the subject. See Introduction, Section 30.

pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular* turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles.* The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream.

The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales; for she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion. What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination.

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts[1] upon it.

[1] For these thoughts, see *Spectators* Nos. 92 and 140. Addison and Steele are more interesting when they talk as members of the club than when they talk in the persons of their correspondents.

VI

COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 106.—Addison. Monday, July 2.*]

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.[1]
—*Horace.*

Having often received an invitation from my friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because

[1] Here plenty shall flow for you and pour out the riches of the honors of the country.

it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant* upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his, at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of

plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it;[1] I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman

[1] Sir Roger very pleasantly magnifies his office as country squire, and forgets that it takes a scholar to recognize a scholar.

we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Doctor South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people. L.

VII

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

[*No. 107.—Steele. Tuesday, July 3.*]

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.[1]
—*Phædrus.*

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries[2] so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds

[1] The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, a slave, on an eternal pedestal, to show that the path to honor lies open to all.

[2] Find a paraphrase for this somewhat strained expression.

from the humane and equal temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped,* or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean* masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took, that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast* clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only

with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband,* and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference

that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons that fortune* was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it, as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person

supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and, looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took* off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

VIII

WILL WIMBLE

[*No. 108.—Addison. Wednesday, July 4.*]

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.[1]
—*Phœdrus.*

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble* had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with* his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"Sir Roger:

"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it: I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been

[1] Out of breath for no purpose; in doing many things, doing nothing.

out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a may-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious* fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence* among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among

them by inquiring, as often as he meets them, *how they wear*. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and there-fore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account

how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest

industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions: But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my Twenty-First Speculation. L.

IX

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS

[*No. 109.—Steele.* *Thursday, July 5.*]

Abnormis sapiens.[1]
—*Horace.*

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been fol-

[1] Oddly wise.

lowed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus, the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: Besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target* of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he

played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart.* For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife; she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little—because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view—these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the

laces, the slashes* about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pound's debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked* at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir

Humphrey de Coverley; he was, in his dealings, as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices* which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that *great* and *good* had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

R.

X

THE COVERLEY GHOST

[*No. 110.—Addison. Friday, July 6.*]

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.[1]
—*Virgil.*

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend, the butler, desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he

[1] On every side horror makes our hearts quail, the very silence terrifies.

added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness

than light; yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chap-

lain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless; could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies one after another, and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other, whilst they were joined in the body,

like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words:

"Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner:

" 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother. However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.'

"Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

"I thought this story might not be impertinent in this

place wherein I speak of those* kings: Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

XI

SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER

[*No. 112.—Addison. Monday, July 9.*]

Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα.[1]

—Pythagoras.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does

[1] First fear the immortal gods, as the law directs.

upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common-Prayer-Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo[1] most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be* lengthening out a verse in the Singing-Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is

[1] What is implied in this word?

pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody[1] else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when

[1] Notice the error in grammar.

Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as

of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

L.

XII

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

[*No. 113.—Steele.* *Tuesday, July 10.*]

——Hærent infixi pectore vultus.[1]

—*Virgil.*

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled* upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by* that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades.

[1] The face abides deep graven in one's heart.

I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well

bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows, as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's* witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that, when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her

advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but, upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted and taught to throw their legs well and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you

won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that, if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate* scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aide of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour medi-

tating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: Her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her you would be in the same* condition, for as her speech is music her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave and insensibly led him towards the house that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that* of Martial which one knows not how to render in English, "*Dum tacet hanc loquitur.*" I shall end this paper with that whole epigram which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo;
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit—una est
Naevia, si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cum luce salutem,
"Naevia lux," inquit, "Naevia lumen, ave."

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Naevia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Naevia or be mute;
He writ to his father, ending with this line,—
"I am, my lovely Naevia, ever thine."

R.

XIII

THE COVERLEY ECONOMY

[*No. 114.—Steele. Wednesday, July 11.*]

——Paupertatis pudor et fuga——.[1]

—Horace.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases which instead of making men esteemed renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken by those who pleased pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in

[1] The shame and dread of poverty.

debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others* the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet, if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary

behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four* shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it.[1] Yet, if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then, Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve-month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which

[1] Of as much land as would pay off that debt.

men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: But both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out* of Nature when she is followed with Reason and Good Sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure: His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires: By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears, the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's "great vulgar,"* is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that

expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being, which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but, as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am, at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude, with Mr. Cowley,—

> If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great,
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love.

T.

XIV

SIR ROGER AND THE HUNT

[*No. 115—Addison. Thursday, July 12.*]

——Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.[1]

—*Juvenal.*

Bodily labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine* for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

[1] That there may be a sound mind in a sound body.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present* laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want induce-

ments to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase; and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the

knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow whom I have given some account of was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in his praises; and if the English reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of "Medicina Gymnastica."

For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room,

and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.*

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties, and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one[1] in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

L.

[1] The body.

XV

THE HUNTING FIELD

[*No. 116.—Budgell.* *Friday, July 13.*]

——Vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron.
Taygetique canes——.[1]

—Virgil.

Those who have searched into human nature, observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which

[1] Cithaeron calls with a great clamor, and the dogs of Taygetus.

the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: He has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having* destroyed more of those vermin* in one year that it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the knight does not scruple to own, among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse, that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a

very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility, but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew:
> Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths, like bells,
> Each under each: A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my

horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying, "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who

was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "in view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet, on the signal before mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode for-

ward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his Great Orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home I remembered that Monsieur Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on the "Misery of Man," tells us that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise,—I mean, the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas

through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:

> The first physicians by debauch were made;
> Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
> By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
> Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
> But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
> Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend:
> God never made his work for man to mend.

X.

XVI

MOLL* WHITE

[*No. 117—Addison. Saturday, July 14.*]

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.[1]

—*Virgil.*

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides, in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce* with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a

[1] They invent dreams for themselves.

weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely), I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

> In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
> I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
> Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
> The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds* were all o'er coarsely patch'd
> With diff'rent color'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
> And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," (says Sir Roger), "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff.

At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was* not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a

Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor, decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L.

XVII

THE WOOING

[*No. 118.—Steele. Monday, July 16.*]

—— Haeret lateri lethalis arundo.[1]

—Virgil.

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she

[1] The deadly shaft is fixed in his side.

doth not either* say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her, indeed, perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem; I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun" (continued he, calling me by my name), "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune,* and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly

careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer, and think they are in a state of freedom while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that—"

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman, looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream: "O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you rep-

resent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William. Her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; her herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile?—it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father:

I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty, mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition.[1] She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved:' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman,* I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my

[1] Sir Roger implies that Kate Willow has lost her beauty and her charms.

brain: For I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no; for all she looks so innocent, as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

T.

XVIII

THE POLITE WORLD

[*No. 119.—Addison. Tuesday, July 17.*]

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Meliboee, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem——.[1]
—Virgil.

The first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the

[1] The city, Meliboeus, that men call Rome, I foolishly thought like this place of ours.

modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed* in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall* make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the

ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that, sure, I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is* in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several

of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse, uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding which reigns among the coxcombs of the town has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

L.

XIX

THE COVERLEY POULTRY

[*No. 120.—Addison. Wednesday, July 18.*]

——Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium[1]——————————.
——————Jovis omnia plena.[2]

—*Virgil.*

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house, calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Provi-

[1] Indeed, I believe it because they have skill from the gods.
[2] All things are full of Jove.

dence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been. . . .

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable that the same temper of weather

which raises this genial warmth in animals should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young? . . .

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: And what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it, as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: Nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downward; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favors bestowed, are greater

motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men, but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together, but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and

attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common-sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of

gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover and the divine Energy acting in the creatures. L.

XX

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

[*No. 122.—Addison.* *Friday, July 20.*]

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.[1]
—Publius Syrus.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple

[1] Pleasant company on the way is as good as a carriage.

of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so* long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."[1]

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped

[1] Old to Sir Roger, but probably never before mentioned to the Spectator.

short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such an one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three

sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country. I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a

compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering* greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

L.

XXI

FLORIO AND LEONILLA

[*No. 123.—Addison. Saturday, July 21.*]

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.[1]
—*Horace.*

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored, ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was

[1] Instruction a new force imparts
To faculties inherited,
And, well directed, strengthens hearts
In virtue's ways and valor's tread;
But when bad morals bring bad fame,
Good birth but aggravates the shame.
—*Sargent.*

let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that, if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who—either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education—are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel* than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired

abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the *Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but, to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife,

in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself

esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her, by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods.

Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure

of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns toward you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.[1]

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[1] Addison's feelings on finishing this paper are described in the following letter to Mr. Edward Wortley Montague:

"DEAR SIR:—Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator*, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2,000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship and that stocks sink every day.

If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

"I am, dear sir, yours eternally,

"July 21, 1711. JOSEPH ADDISON.'

XXII

PARTY FEELING

[*No. 125.—Addison.* *Tuesday, July 24.*]

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.[1]

—*Virgil.*

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school boy, which was at a time when feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St.* Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former ques-

[1] Do not, my children, accustom your minds to great conflicts nor turn your sturdy strength against the vitals of your country.

tion, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow

himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle* is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight or entire it may be in itself. For this reason, there is scarce a person of any figure in

England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations: An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practiced by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary *postulatums* of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France

by those who were for and against the league: But it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest* by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in the great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practicing those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the

contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy. C.

XXIII

WHIGS AND TORIES

[*No. 126.—Addison. Wednesday, July 25.*]

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.[1]
—*Virgil.*

In my yesterday's paper, I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner:

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places, and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call Black black, and

[1] I will make no difference between Trojans and Rutulians.

White white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that,* upon any day of the year, shall call Black white, or White black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate, immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders;—we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his

account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal, and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox-hunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers that my friend Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles; the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper, and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the

other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that, notwithstanding he was a very fair bettor, nobody would take him up. But, upon inquiry, I found that he was one that had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories, that he had picked up nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions, and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

XXIV

SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES

[*No. 130.—Addison. Monday, July 30.*]

————Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.[1]
—*Virgil.*

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about

[1] It is always a pleasant thing to gather fresh spoils and live on one's thefts.

this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairymaid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend, the butler, has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for about half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have often very white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in the corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told

him that he had a widow in his line of life: Upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage"; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long: and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought: the knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing—." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle, profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of govern-

ments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago:

"As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board.

"Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child, by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it.

"Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used

to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son returned to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages."

Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy.

C.

XXV

A SUMMONS TO LONDON

[*No. 131.—Addison. Tuesday, July 31.*]

——Ipsae rursum concedite sylvae.[1]

—Virgil.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of an hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started* several subjects and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I

[1] Once more, ye woods, adieu.

hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they call here a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and

is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table that he wishes * Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions that are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way*, and that I am only a philosopher; but that will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the master

of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec.

"I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories* of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew has grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men.

"Dear Spec.,
"Thine Eternally,
C. "Will Honeycomb."

XXVI

THE COACH TO LONDON

[*No. 132.—Steele. Wednesday, August 1.*]

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.[1]—*Tully.*

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me, inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs.* Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow, her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence;* and doubted not but there

[1] He is said to be inept who does not see that he is taking up the time, or talking too much, or obtrudes himself, or has no regard for those he is with.

was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach: And the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, Madam,

young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, Widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee), he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that, if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city, we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but, if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst

thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time), cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right* we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: But when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent

in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding.[1] Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: Such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

[1] "There was an insane dislike to Quakers in Queen Anne's reign, and I have not met with one kindly or sympathetic remark about them in all my varied reading of these times."—*John Ashton.*

XXVII

SIR ANDREW ON TRADE

[*No. 174.—Steele. Wednesday, September 19.*]

Haec memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.[1]
—*Virgil.*

There is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: This was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety: And this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain; the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that

[1] I remember these things and how Thyrsis, beaten, vainly went on in his contention.

Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: That "the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: The means to it are never regarded. They will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to obtain it by fraud, or cozenage. And, indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors!"

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness; and on the other side, he who is the less at his ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature: the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or,

to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew. "You may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must, however, have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us,—parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall* Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed

enemies: I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught, perhaps, by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach; for a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently* sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as, with gayer nations, to be failing in courage or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, that 'little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and

hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses, a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosure, and tramples upon no man's corn;[1] he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

"This is the economy of the merchant, and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall

[1] A sly hit at the fox-hunting of the squires.

be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted, at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverley's, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence."

T.

XXVIII

SIR ROGER IN LONDON[1]

[*No. 269.—Addison. Tuesday, January 8.*]

——Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas——————.[2]
—Ovid.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak to me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a

[1] Sir Roger and Will Honeycomb appear for a moment in No. 251 of the *Spectator*. There is nothing, says that issue of the paper, which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville* [warblers of the town], and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods.

[2] Simplicity, the rarest of things in our age.

turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs

in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me, in his name, with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them, and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles* and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall

out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing* the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after,

gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place, where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation.

He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's "Chronicle," and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed

to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that no body else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniencies about him L.

XXIX

A SELECTION FROM A SPECTATOR

[*No. 295.—Addison. February 7.*]

Socrates in Plato's Alcibiades, says he was informed by one who had traveled through Persia that as he passed over a great tract of lands and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle; to which he adds that another wide field which lay by it was called the Queen's Veil and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's Pin Money.

I remember my friend, Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it, and that upon her wedding day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans and have presented her once in three years with the

shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats; to which the knight always adds that, though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the humor of pin money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of the pins. L.

XXX

IN WESTMINSTER* ABBEY

[*No. 329.—Addison. Tuesday, March 18.*]

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.[1]

—*Horace.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's "Chronicle," which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler s hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time,

[1] It remains to go down whither Numa has gone and Ancus.

with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man, whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call an hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county: That she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged* perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coach-

man if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner:—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather —a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure

which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his 'Chronicle.'"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the

first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards everyone he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

XXXI

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

[*No. 335.—Addison. Tuesday, March 25.*]

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.[1]
—*Horace.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," says Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to, neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half-way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away

[1] I'll bid the trained actor look for a model of life and manners, and thence get truth of speech.

from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there, at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.[1] Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the

[1] A sly jest here. The English, including Captain Sentry, had been badly beaten at Steenkirk.

captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to

himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him."

Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage."

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a

cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man: As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L.

XXXII

WILL HONEYCOMB

[*No. 359.—Budgell. Tuesday, April 22.*]

Torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.[1]
—*Virgil.*

As we were at the club, last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us, and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us, in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow.

[1] The savage lioness hunts the wolf, the wolf the kid, the frisky kid the flowering clover.

"However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican[1] into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty," though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of three score. "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father, happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a

[1] No doubt a Whig, but probably a very loyal subject of the Queen, notwithstanding Sir Roger's prejudice.

fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things, and, in short, made* no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But, as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had she not been carried off by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book[1] I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and, taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:——

"Oh! why did our
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late

[1] The tenth book of *Paradise Lost.*

Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.

XXXIII

SIR ROGER AT SPRING GARDEN

[*No. 383.—Addison.* *Tuesday, May 20.*]

Criminibus debent hortos——.[1]

—Juvenal.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next "Spectator," I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud, cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we

[1] They bind over their gardens to vice.

were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of any body to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that had been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Fox-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen;[1] that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

[1] How do you explain Sir Roger's attitude toward the war? See Introduction, Sections 20 and 21.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.

He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with anyone in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" Here he fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her that she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating, ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy, upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer masks. I.

XXXIV

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER[1]

[*No. 517.—Addison. Thursday, October 23.*]

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides![2]

—*Virgil.*

We last night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspence, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead*. He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks Sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care

[1] In this chapter, the editor follows Addison in spelling, punctuation and the use of capitals.

[2] Alas! for that old-time piety and faith.

of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

"*Honoured Sir*,

"Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his

Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement* with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, *Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverly's*, on the Left Hand of his Father, Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum:* The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and

the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quitrents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

"*Honoured Sir*,

"*Your most Sorrowful Servant*,

"Edward Biscuit."

"*P. S.* My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*, in his Name."

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he

had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings* and Mourning for every one in the Club.[1] O.

[1] In 530 Will Honeycomb marries; in 541 the Templar abandons poetry, turns to the law, and gives up his companions; in 544 we see Captain Sentry in possession of Sir Roger's estate. Later (in 549) we learn that the clergyman has peacefully passed away, and Sir Andrew retires from business and from club life, leaving the Spectator alone. Finally (in 555) he too makes his bow, and for a year and a half the curtain falls.—*D. O. S. Lowell.*

CHRONOLOGY

1672 Steele born (March 12); Addison born (May 1).
1684 Steele enters the Charter house.
1686 Addison enters the Charter house; Eustace Budgell born.
1687 Addison enters Oxford.
1689 William and Mary crowned.
1690 Steele enters Oxford.
1692 Battles of Steenkirk and La Hogue.
1694 Steele enters the army.
1698 Queen Mary dies.
1699 Addison begins his foreign travels.
1700 Steele seriously wounds Captain Kelly in a duel.
1701 Steele publishes *The Christian Hero.*
1702 King William dies and Queen Anne is crowned.
1703 Addison concludes his foreign travels.
1704 Battle of Blenheim.
1705 Steele marries.
1706 Addison appointed an under secretary. Steele's first wife dies.
1707 Steele marries Mistress Mary Scurlock.
1708 Addison enters Parliament. Execution on Steele's house for arrears of rent.
1709 Addison becomes Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Budgell becomes Addison's secretary; Steele starts the *Tatler* and Addison becomes a contributor.
1710 Whigs go out of office and Tories take office.
1711 *Tatler* discontinued; *Spectator* begun. Addison buys a large estate in Warwickshire.
1712 *The Spectator* discontinued.

1713 Steele elected a member of Parliament. Steele resigns his office under the government and attacks the party in power. He is reëlected a member of Parliament.

1714 Steele is attacked in a pamphlet by Swift and expelled from the House of Commons for "uttering a seditious libel." Queen Anne dies and George I. succeeds her. In consequence Steele is soon appointed to several lucrative offices. *The Spectator* is revived, probably by Budgell, for about three months.

1715 Steele reëlected to Parliament.

1716 Addison marries Lady Warwick.

1717 Addison made a Secretary of State.

1718 Addison retires with a pension; Steele loses his second wife.

1719 Addison and Steele quarrel. June 17, Addison dies.

1722 Steele writes his best known play, *The Conscious Lovers.*

1724 Steele retires to Wales.

1729 September 1, Steele dies.

1737 Budgell commits suicide.

GLOSSARY

AND INDEX TO INTRODUCTION

There are several reasons for this glossary of Addison and Steele's writings. (1) Special allusions and proper names need explanation. (2) Many words and phrases once perfectly intelligible have gone out of fashion in the last two centuries. (3) Like all well-educated men of their age, both Addison and Steele had had a far more rigorous training in Latin than in English grammar, and in consequence introduced Latin idioms into their works. (4) In common with their contemporaries, both writers used to think often about daily life in an abstract sort of way very foreign to the modern mind. (5) Finally, both were men of affairs as well as men of letters, and often wrote or dictated their essays hurriedly and sent them to the press without much revision. Nevertheless, there is still sound sense in Dr. Johnson's famous saying: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious must give his days and nights to the study of Addison."

Above him, more than he; p. 64, l. 29.

Abuse of the understanding, the unscrupulous or malicious use of one's cleverness or mental ability; p. 63, l. 3.

Act of Parliament, p. 203, l. 19; **Act of Uniformity**, p. 231, l. 29; acts prescribing the form of services to be used in the Church of England and setting forth the need of conformity to them.

Addison, Dorothy; Introduction, Section 25.

Addison; Introduction, Sections 25-28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34.

Address; here probably a formal petition of some sort; p. 228, l. 11.

Agreeable, to be, to agree with; p. 65, l. 3.

Amiable; misused by Steele for "beloved," "popular"; p. 121, l. 19.

Air [of distinction], p. 64, l. 23.

An; the use of "an" before the aspirate *h*, as in "an hundred," p. 50, l. 30, or before the silent *h*, as in "an humorist," p. 81, l. 17, is now archaic.

Andromache; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Answer; *he agrees with an attorney to answer*; note that "attorney," not "he," is the subject of "answer." The meaning Addison gives to this phrase would not be justified in modern usage; p. 57, l. 8.

Answerable, correspondent, suitable; p. 172, l. 24.

Application of them, how they are applied; p. 65, l. 21. **Application to affairs**, application to business; p. 92, l. 15.

Argument, subject matter and general method; p. 57, l. 11.

Aristotle; the great Greek philosopher and Longinus, a minor Greek critic

and philosopher of the third century, were counted in the Spectator's day the classic authorities from ancient time on the criticism of art. Both discussed the proper portrayal of sublime passion in poetry and drama. Littleton, in the fifteenth century, and Coke, who wrote a commentary on him in the sixteenth, were the classic English authorities on law; p.57, ll. 3, 4, 5.

Army; Introduction, Section 21.

As; *as* [*of*] *his particular friend;* p. 81, l. 5: [*as*] *unaccountable as;* p. 65, l. 14.

Assizes; Introduction, Section 18.

Assurance, insurance; p. 198. l. 10.

Astyanax; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Author who published his works, Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester; p. 121, ll. 16, 17.

Baker's Chronicle; Introduction, Section 6.

Basket hilt, a sword hilt which covers the hand and protects it from injury; p. 96, l. 2.

Beau; Introduction, Sections 2, 4, 9.

Be lengthening, lengthen; p. 107, l. 26; **be tossing**, toss; p. 138, l. 20.

Bed; *brought to bed of a judge;* soon to give birth to one who should finally become a judge; p. 50, l. 9.

Beforehand; *to be beforehand*, to be supplied with money in advance of one's needs; p. 85, l. 4.

Black, dark-complexioned; p. 49, l. 3.

Blackmore, Sir Richard; Steele's eulogy of him is probably not quite serious. He was an estimable physician but very tedious poet of the day, taught school for a time and wrote three epic poems of from ten to twelve books each. The poem to which Steele here refers was an attempted demonstration in verse of the existence and providence of God; p. 65, l. 25.

Blenheim; Introduction, Section 25.

Blot, in backgammon a piece or man exposed and liable to be taken; p. 52, l. 21.

Bowling-green; Introduction, Section 17.

Break, fail; p. 197, l. 8.

Brought, bore; p. 96, l. 12.

Buckley's; Buckley was the publisher of the *Spectator*, also of the *Daily Courant*, the first daily newspaper in England; p. 54, l. 19.

Budgell; Introduction, Section 34.

Bully Dawson; "a noted sharper, swaggerer about town, especially in Blackfriars purlieus."—*Oldys;* p. 56, l. 3.

Button's; Introduction, Sections 12, 26.

By reason, because; p. 55, l. 16: *by* [*reason of*] *that custom;* p. 111, l. 15.

"Campaign, The," Introduction, Section 25.

Cassandra; (1) Introduction, Section 6. (2) A character in the *Iliad*, doomed to foretell events and never to be believed; p. 181, l. 22.

Cast, defeated; p. 157, ll. 23, 24: **Cast clothes**; Sir Roger's opinion on cast clothes is very ambiguously expressed; p. 85, l. 28.

"Cato;" Introduction, Section 25.

Chamber-counsellor, one who gives legal advice in his own chambers or offices but does not address the courts; p. 61, l. 29.

Change; see EXCHANGE.

Chaplain; Introduction, Section 19.

Character, characterization; p. 91, l. 4.

Charge, expense; p. 196, l. 24.

Charles's time, Charles the Second's time, one of great profligacy in the court; p. 69, l. 27.

Charterhouse; Introduction, Section 29.

Child's: Introduction, Section 12.

Chocolate Houses; Introduction, Section 12.

"Christian Hero, The;" Introduction, Sections 6, 30.

Church; Introduction, Sections 14, 19.

Chymical, chemical; p. 154, l. 6.

Circumstance, circumstances; p. 64, l. 25.

Citizens; Introduction, Section 13.

City; Introduction, Section 13.

Clubs; in the early eighteenth century, informal associations of men who gathered on stated occasions at some inn or coffee-house, usually for political chat as well as for good fellowship. The following burlesque rules drawn up in one issue of the *Spectator* betray something of their character: "I. Every Member at his first evening in shall lay down his Two Pence. II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box. III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment. . . . VIII. If a Member's Wife comes to fetch him Home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door." P. 54, l. 16. See also Introduction, Section 25.

Coaches; Introduction, Section 15.

Cocoa Tree; Introduction, Section 12.

Coffee-Houses; Introduction, Sections 11, 12, 26.

Coke; see ARISTOTLE.

Come at, get a chance at; p. 205, l. 3.

Commerce, dealings; p. 135, l. 14.

Communicates, shares; p. 198, l. 17: note also the peculiar use on p. 181, l. 21.

Compass, due limits, one's means; p. 119, l. 17.

Complexion, the general appearance of one's face or features (a rare use); p. 54, l. 8.

Concerned for, anxious for, concerned about; p. 63, l. 5.

Confidence, temerity; p. 103, l. 24.

Converse, associate familiarly; *Conversed in the world*, having mixed in the world; p. 147, l. 20.

Correspondence, dealings; p. 90, l. 22.

Country dance; this dance, called the "Roger de Coverley," was similar to the present Virginia Reel (Country—*contra*); p. 55, l. 4. See also Introduction, Section 8.

Country gentleman, Introduction, Sections 16, 17, 18.

Cowley, Abraham; a diplomatist, poet and essayist of the generation just previous to Addison and Steele. In his own day his verse was regarded as a model of cultivated poetry, and his essays must still be regarded as a model of correct and simple prose. He aimed to make "moderation in all things" attractive to his readers. "Not he who blindly follows all his Pleasures," he asserted, "is the true Gentleman, but he who rationally guides them." "If I want Skill and Force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, tho' I bought it and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his man than he my horse"; p. 121, l. 13

Cried up, extolled, "praised to the skies;" p. 171, l. 22.

Cross, to make the sign of the cross on; p. 181, l. 4.

Cry, a pack of hounds, so called from the fact that they were often selected so that the voices of the entire pack would blend in a pleasant harmony; p. 129, l. 28.

Customs, custom-house duties; p. 198, l. 11.

Dancing; Introduction, Section 8.

Dantzic; the sickness at Dantzic referred to here was a return in 1709 of the same sort of plague which had devastated London in 1665. From 1683 to

1704 practically no cases of the plague existed in eastern Europe; in the latter year, however, it began to spread again; p. 209, l. 14.

Day in London; Introduction, Section 11.

Defendant's witnesses; Sir Roger made a tell-tale slip of the tongue, for the plaintiff's witnesses would naturally come first; p. 113, l. 17.

Demonstrative, capable of demonstration; p. 151, l. 2.

Desperate, causing despair in others; p. 115, l. 8.

Dictated [to]; the indirect object of the active voice is here made the subject of the passive; p. 164, l. 29.

Dignity, an honorable office, rank, or title; an honor; p. 50, l. 13.

Dipped, involved in debt; mortgaged (archaic slang); p. 119, l. 2.

Discoveries, disclosures; p. 64, l. 10. Note also the use of the verb *discover* in this same sense.

Distinction sake, distinction's sake; p. 126, l. 5.

Distrest Mother, Introduction, Section 10.

Dobson, Austin; Introduction, Section 30, footnote, and Section 33.

Dryden; Introduction, Sections 6, 12.

Dyer's Letter; Introduction, Section 23.

Easy, comfortable; p. 60, l. 15.

Economy, household management; p. 52, l. 19.

Either; according to modern usage *either* is misplaced on p. 141, l. 1, and p. 171, l. 16.

Engaged, attached to; committed in his affections to (not used in the modern sense of betrothed or promised); p. 209, l. 27.

Engine, apparatus, machine; p. 123, l. 13.

Entertain [the reader]; p. 192, l. 28.

Equal, equable; p. 85, l. 1.

Equipage; a comprehensive term including one's dress, retinue, and establishment; that part of one's belongings which is used about or in the neighborhood of one's person for the display of one's rank or wealth (obsolete); p. 64, l. 26. On p. 190, l. 11, sarcastically applied to a single attendant.

Esteem; *in the old knight's esteem*, very much esteemed by the old knight; p. 81, l. 13. **Esteemed**, merely esteemed; p. 56, l. 17.

Eugene, Prince; Introduction, Section 21.

Evil, scrofula, supposed to be curable by the touch of a sovereign's hand, or even by the touch of the sovereign's costume; p. 212, l. 1.

Exceeding, exceedingly; p. 101, l. 18.

Except [for]; p. 142, l. 9.

Exchange; Introduction, Sections 9, 13.

Exert the justice of the peace, exercise his authority as justice of the peace; p. 180, l. 4.

Fable; See Shakspere's *Coriolanus*, I. 1; p. 194, l. 5.

Fans; Introduction, Section 5.

Fielding, Beau Robert, Introduction, Section 9.

Figure, make a; (1) produce a marked effect; p. 58, l. 6; (2) occupy a distinguished position; p. 59, l. 25.

Find [it]; p. 133, l. 8.

Fine, see TENEMENT.

Fleer, laugh mockingly at; p. 192, l. 1.

Fops; Introduction, Sections 2, 4, 9.

Forbes, Lord; Introduction, Section 12.

Fortune; heiress-hunting was so common in the eighteenth century that the heiress was looked upon not only as having but as being a fortune; p. 141, l. 28. **Fortune was the only difference** [that there had been] **between them**; between the servants on

the one hand and the masters in their former glory on the other. In other words, the servants emulated and equalled their masters in character and fineness of feeling; p. 87, l. 16.

Four shillings in the pound, the amount of the tax on land at the time; p. 120, l. 6.

Fox-hall, Vauxhall, a customary designation of Spring Garden; p. 224, l. 16. See SPRING GARDEN.

Frame, structure; *nicer frame*, finer, more delicate structure; p. 151, l. 14.

Furze brake, thicket of furze; p. 130, l. 30.

Gallantry, courtliness of behavior; p. 66, l. 23.

Gallery; every great English house has a gallery of family portraits; p. 94, l. 1.

Game law; Introduction, Section 16, footnote, and Section 18.

Gazette; Introduction, Section 30. The official publication of the British government, containing all important official appointments and court honors.

Generation; *in their generation*, after their kind; according to their lights; the limitations of their species being considered (Luke xvi. 8); p. 153, l. 10.

Gibbets; Introduction, Section 15.

Give myself up to, yield my judgment to; p. 103, l. 12.

Go-cart, "a small framework with castors or rollers and without a bottom, in which children learn to walk without danger of falling."—*Century Dictionary*; p. 96, l. 10.

Grecian, The; Introduction, Section 12.

Grottoes; Introduction, Section 7.

Guelphs, adherents of the people and the Popes in their contests with the German Emperor and the aristocracy in the Middle Ages. The Ghibellines were adherents of the Emperors; p. 172 l. 30.

Habits; (1) styles or kinds of costumes; p. 60, l. 21: (2) Costumes, as in the modern phrase "riding-habits"; p. 106, l. 9.

Half pike, a short pike carried by officers of infantry; p. 190, l. 9.

Halifax, Lord; Introduction, Section 32, footnote.

Having destroyed, he having destroyed; p. 129, l. 9. The same error in syntax occurs again later in the volume.

Head-dress; Introduction, Section 5, footnote.

Hector; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Hermione; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Him, refers to "Scarecrow"; p. 64, l. 29.

His, *Pyrrhus his*; a mistaken and pedantic form for Pyrrhus's; p. 215, l. 29.

Humor; (1) animal fluid. The four *cardinal humors* of the ancient physicians were blood, choler (yellow bile), phlegm and melancholy (black bile), regarded by them as determining by their conditions and proportions a person's physical and mental qualities and disposition; p. 124, l. 9. Hence (2) one's disposition as distinguished from that of other people, one's mood; p. 58, l. 11. (3) oddity of behavior; p. 55, l. 12. (4) humors; whimsical inclinations, tastes founded upon temperament, not upon reason.

Humorists, persons acting upon their own whims or humors rather than conventionally; persons having an odd way of their own; p. 60, l. 10.

Hungary water, a popular compound of spirits of wine, lavender and rosemary, which was used both as a lotion, and as smelling salts are used to-

day; indeed to many ladies it was a sort of cure-all; p. 76, l. 7.

Hunting; Introduction, Sections 16, 17.

Hunts, hunts with; p. 90. l. 14.

Husband, a frugal person, one who manages his own or another's property with prudence; p. 86, l. 14.

Ill, bad; p. 64, l. 5.

Impertinent, irrelevant; p. 104, l. 30.

Impertinently, unduly; p. 197, l. 14.

Indifferent, immaterial; p. 106, l. 12.

Indifferent actions, actions neither obviously moral nor obviously immoral; p. 65, l. 2.

Inner Temple; see INNS OF COURT.

Inns of Court: the four Inns of Court (p. 70, l. 5) in London were (and indeed, still are) four societies or colleges of lawyers and law-students, which had the sole right of conferring the degree of barrister at law. These four Inns were named, from the halls of residence and meeting places of their members, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn (anciently belonging to the Earls of Lincoln and Gray) and the Inner (p. 56, l. 27) and Middle Temple (once the property of the Knights Templars). A member of either the Inner or Middle Temple was called a Templar. New Inn (p. 57, l. 25) was attached to the Middle Temple and was known as an inn of chancery. Pleasant walks and gardens were connected with these Inns, and Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger enjoyed them. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (p. 64, l. 9) was a public square neighboring Lincoln's Inn. "These celebrated fields were frequented from a very early period down to the year 1735 by wrestlers, bowlers, cripples, beggars and idle boys."

Inns; Introduction, Section 15.

Intelligence, news; p. 189, l. 17.

Intentively, attentively; p. 65, l. 8.

Interest, whatever makes for one's political or social advantage or welfare; one's prestige, following, backing and support; p. 173, l. 5.

Jack, a pike; p. 89, l. 11.

Jetting, jutting out (now obsolete); p. 95, l. 3.

Johnson, Dr.; Introduction, Section 3.

Jonathan's; Introduction, Section 12.

Journals; Introduction, Section 23.

Judgment, a token of divine displeasure; p. 170, l. 11.

Justice of the Peace; Introduction, Section 18.

Kelly, Captain; Introduction, Section 30.

Kennels; Introduction, Section 2.

Kit-cat Club; Introduction, Section 25.

Knight of the shire; Introduction, Section 18.

Labored; formerly used transitively; still used in the phrase "to labor a point"; p. 125, l. 8.

Laertes; in the eighteenth century, one used classic names at convenience, as we should use Smith, Jones or Robinson. Laertes was the father of Ulysses and Irus was a beggar of Ithaca remarkable for his gluttony. By his choice of names Steele betrays his own sympathies; p. 120, l. 3.

La Hogue, a naval victory won by the English and the Dutch over the French. The English pursued the French ships into the harbor and annihilated them there; p. 224, l. 18.

Landed Estates; Introduction, Sections 13, 14.

League, a league formed in France a few years after the massacre of St. Bartholomew to oppose the Hugue-

nots and Henry of Navarre; p. 173, l. 1.

Leonora; Introduction, Section 6.

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; see INNS OF COURT.

Little Britain [street]; p. 54, l. 20.

Littleton; see ARISTOTLE.

Loaden, archaic form for "loaded"; p. 127, l. 12.

Locke; Introduction, Section 6.

London Streets; Introduction, Section 2.

Longinus; see ARISTOTLE.

Made, trained; made a hunting dog of; p. 90, l. 18.

Made no doubt of her heart, made myself confident of possessing her heart; p. 220, l. 11.

March 17 10-11; until 1752, the legal year began in England on March 25, though the year as it was customarily reckoned began on January 1. In dates previous to 1752, occurring between January 1 and March 24 inclusive, two years are often given, the first being "old style" or the legal date, the second "new style" or the popular date; p. 49, l. 1.

Mark, thirteen shillings four pence; p. 202, l. 2.

Marlborough, Duke of; Introduction, Sections 21, 25.

Mask, a woman wearing a mask; p. 226, l. 16.

Me; the indirect object, represented in Latin by the "dative of advantage or disadvantage." Other instances of the same locution can be found in these papers; p. 82, l. 4.

Mean, vulgarly lacking in the qualities befitting one's rank (not necessarily underhand); p. 85, l. 13.

Measure of a Pyramid; taken of course by trigonometry. The whole passage is a good-natured hit at a noted geometrician and astronomer of the time who attempted to establish the antiquity of English weights and measures by evidences drawn from one of the pyramids; p. 51, l. 17.

Mechanic being, mechanism with no intelligence or initiative of its own. *Is a mechanic being;* is to be a piece of mechanism; p. 122, l. 9.

Medicina Gymnastica; written by Francis Fuller; p. 126, l. 27.

Middlesex; a large portion of London is in Middlesex County; p. 225, l. 23.

Mode; (1) Prevalent fashion or style; p. 55, l. 13; (2) fashionable behavior; p. 147, l. 13. (Very common uses of the word in Addison's day.)

Modish, fashionable; p. 147, l. 1.

Mohocks; Introduction, Section 3.

Moll White; an act was still in force in Addison's day decreeing death to whoever dealt with evil spirits or invoked them, whereby any persons were killed or lamed, etc. Under this law two women were executed in Northampton just before the *Spectator* began to be published. Not long after (1716), a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, making their neighbors vomit pins, and raising a storm so that a certain ship was almost lost. —*Condensed from W. H. Wills* A popular test for discovering whether an old hag were a witch or not was to toss her into a pond. If she floated, she was a witch. Any cat or dog she might own was believed to be the devil in disguise, and any broomstick or switch she might own was supposed to be the carriage on which she rode on her nightly errands. Witches, however, varied in character. Black witches could do nothing but evil, white witches, though prankish at times, could do no real harm, and gray witches could work both good

and evil. According to some superstitions, Lapland was overrun with witches, a fact which explains the reference to it in No. 117 of the *Spectator;* pp. 135-139.

Monmouth, Duke of, the scapegrace son of Charles II., likened by Dryden to Absalom; p. 61, l. 2 "The queen . . . it seems, was at Windsor at the late St. George's feast there, and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the king came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of."—*Pepys's Diary, April* 27, 1663.

Murrain, a disease affecting domestic animals, especially cattle. *Murrain to her,* plague take her; **p. 113, l. 13.**

Mrs., abbreviation for "mistress," formerly applied as a title of respect to any woman or girl, whether married or unmarried; **p. 189, l. 9.**

Namby-pamby; Introduction, Section 10.

Nature, capacity; p. 81, l. 9.

Nature, Love of; Introduction, Section 7.

Navy; Introduction, Section 21.

Near, nearly; p. 66, **l. 22.**

New Inn, see INNS OF COURT.

Newsletter; Introduction, Section 23.

Newspapers; Introduction, Section 23.

Nice in this particular, fastidious in this respect; p. 129, ll. 29, 30.

Night in London; Introduction, Section 3.

Novel, a short story after the Spanish or Italian manner, with love as its motive; p, 162, l. 23.

Oblige, force; p. 61, l. 28.

Occasion, field for conversation; subject; p.86, l. 2.

Of. (1) about; p. 99, l. 1; (2) of [being]; p. 50, l. 23; (3) of [having]; p. 63, l. 6.

Offices, duties or services; p. 93, l. 8.

Officious, ready to be of service; obliging; now generally used in an invidious sense; p. 90, l. 19.

Ogilby's Virgil and other books mentioned in Chapter V.; Introduction, Section 6.

Oldfield, Mrs.; Introduction, Section 9.

One or other; modern usage would require "one or another"; p. 70, l. 24.

Opened, barked on view or scent of the game; p. 131, l. 29.

Order; *in order to,* with a view to; p. 163, l. 22.

Ordinary, ordinarily; p. 217, l. 16.

Orestes; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Others; this word is here not only redundant but illogical; p. 119, l. 24.

Out; *to print myself out;* to manifest myself clearly in print; it does not mean to keep on printing until I have nothing left to say; p. 53, l. 13.

Out of; (1) from; *made a sermon out of,* preached a sermon from; p. 201, l. 29: (2) away from; *take a brute out of,* deprive a brute of; p. 153, l. 13.

Out of Nature, out of harmony with nature; unnatural; p. 121, l. 11.

Pad, a horse with an easy pace; p. 80, l. 11.

Pamphleteers; Introduction, Section 22.

Particular; (1) peculiar, odd; p. 77, l. 8; (2) special; p. 114, **l. 25:** (3) occasionally used as a mere intensive; p. 72, l. 24: (4) for the phrase "particular persons," p. 65, l. 16, a modern writer would use "individuals": (5) detailed; p. 103, l. 4.

Particularities, peculiarities, humors; p. 107, l. 25.

Parts, abilities, faculties. The word is not much used in this sense to-day; p. 50, l. 25.

Pass, impose; p. 65, **l. 24.**

Patches; Introduction, Section 5.

Patron; (1) in the first half of the eighteenth century men depended for advancement more avowedly than today upon the political and social influence of the great, that is, upon wealthy noblemen, statesmen or ecclesiastics; p. 59, l. 27: (2) one who appoints to an ecclesiastical office; p. 109, l. 21.

Petticoats; Introduction, Sec. 5.

Phillips, Ambrose; Introduction, Section 10.

Piece, of a, all in one piece; p. 136, l. 28.

Plants, cudgels; p. 214, l. 26.

Play, The; Introduction, Sections 8, 9, 10.

Pleasant upon, good-naturedly jocose or merry at the expense of; p. 80, l. 25.

Pole; Introduction, Section 17.

Polite; (1) fashionable; skilled in the conventional usages of society; polished; p. 65, l. 19: (2) obliging, courteous, as in the phrase a "polite country squire"; p. 147, l. 21.

Pope; Introduction, Section 26.

Pope's Procession; an anti-Catholic demonstration celebrated every seventeenth of November by the Whig populace; p. 204, l. 3. The year Sir Roger de Coverley went up to London to see Prince Eugene, the procession threatened to assume extraordinary proportions, for the Whigs were violently agitated by fears that peace would be made with France and that the Tories were plotting to restore the Roman Catholic Stuarts to the throne in place of Queen Anne. On the night of the sixteenth, the Tories raided Drury Lane theatre and carried off all the Whig effigies and paraphernalia.

Postman, a journal edited by a French Protestant, Fonvive; it had some reputation for its foreign news and correspondence; p. 51, l. 30.

Postulatums, assumptions; p. 172, l. 18.

Powell; Introduction, Section 8.

Prejudice of education, the bias or bent of mind produced by one's training or education; p. 101, ll. 25, 26.

Prentice, be apprenticed to a master who should teach him a trade. To send the coachman's grandson "to prentice" required not only the exercise of Sir Roger's influence, but probably a money payment from him as well; p. 87, l. 24.

Present laws, laws regulating man in this life, before his death and resurrection; p. 124, l. 17.

Pretty instance, a pleasing and apt illustration. (The use of the word "pretty" in this sense is now somewhat pedantic); p. 67, l. 6.

Principle, political belief or sympathy; p. 178, l. 3. *In a different principle,* considered in the light of the fact that his political principles are different from one's own; p. 171, l. 27. We look at a political opponent, Addison says in effect, not as he really is, but as if he were surrounded and enveloped by his principles; and those principles we never see fairly, because we look at them through our own prejudices. A man so seen looks distorted to us, like the stick which we thrust into water and see through two different mediums, air and water. Addison's figure of speech is not at all consistent.

Proper, appropriate, apt; p. 65, l. 6.

Proper scenes, appropriate places; p. 10, l. 7.

Prospect, *to have a prospect of public good,* to be done in the expectation that it will benefit the public; p. 65, l. 1.

Prue; Introduction, Section 32, footnote.

Punch and Judy; Introduction, Section 8.

Put up, started up, started from its cover or concealment; p. 132, l. 4.

Pyrrhus; Introduction, Section 10, footnote.

Quail-pipe, a pipe for imitating and alluring quail; p. 92, l. 6.

Quality; (1) family connections; descent, rank or social repute of one's family, especially noble rank, good blood; p. 71, l. 5; (2) class; p. 63, l. 4.

Quarter Sessions; Introduction, Section 18.

Quick, active, nimble; p. 63, l. 19.

Quit rents; so called because by the payment of them the payer gets quit and free of all other service; p. 231, l. 6.

Quorum; Introduction, Section 18.

Rallies the soldier's honor, jests at the soldier's sense of honor; p. 195, l. 30.

Recovered herself from one eye to another, from exchanging glances with one person, turned away as if recollecting herself, only to exchange glances with another; p. 113, l. 11.

Relapsed, *is relapsed*, has relapsed; p. 148, l. 30.

Resolved, *was resolved*, had resolved; p. 51, l. 7.

Rid the tournament over, rode over the tournament or tilt yard; p. 95, l. 20.

Ridiculous, made the subject of ridicule (a strained use of the word); p. 67, l. 3.

Right we had of taking place, etc., right of way we had over all vehicles coming from London since we were going up to London; p. 192, l. 25.

Ringing; Addison strains here for a pun on dumb-bell; p. 127, l. 5.

Rings and mourning, p. 232, l. 6. A legacy quite in accordance with the custom of the times, as one may judge from the following quotations: "Mr. Pepys has been for neare forty years so much my particular friend that Mr. Jackson sent me *compleat mourning*, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office." "Afternoon at the Funeral of my excellent and dear friend, Dr. Thomas Gale, Dean of York, who was interred with great solemnity: lay in state, 200 rings (besides scarfs to bearers and gloves to all) given in the room where I was, which yet could not contain the company."—*Diary of Ralph Thoresby*, May 26, 1703, April 15, 1702.

Rochester, Lord, and Sir George Etherege, p. 56, ll. 1, 2. "Both 'fine gentlemen' who lived fast lives. The first was a favorite of Charles II. He died at thirty-one, confessing to Bishop Burnet that he had for 'five years been continually drunk'. The second was a witty writer of some ability (*Spec.* No. 51), but he fell down stairs while intoxicated and broke his neck. Perhaps it was well that Sir Roger became very serious for a year and a half."—*D. O. S. Lowell.*

Romp, a boisterous girl, a hoyden; p. 96, l. 27.

Rose [tavern], a haunt of dramatic authors, notorious for its scenes of violence. Here, seven months after the date of this paper (No. 2), the seconds arranged the duel in which the Duke of Hamilton and the unsavory Lord Mohun were both mortally wounded; p. 57, l. 28.

St. Anne's Lane; so named from a church in the vicinity dedicated to the mother of the Virgin and called in her honor St. Anne's; p. 169, l. 7.

St. James; Introduction, Section 12.

Salutes, salutations; p. 54, l. 4.

Same condition [as I am]; p. 116, l. 25.

Saracen's Head, p. 160, l. 9; "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit."—*Selden's Table Talk.*

Says; for "said" (now only vulgar); p. 213, l. 15.

Scanderbeg; a celebrated combatant against the Turks; he died in 1467; p. 201, l. 11. "When Scanderbeg Prince of Epirus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a Piece of his Bones near their Heart they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living."—*Spectator.*

Seat, a dwelling and its grounds as in the modern phrase "country seat"; p. 88, l. 13.

Securing, making secure; p. 203, l. 19.

Sensations, physical sensations; p. 64, l. 13.

Settled; here used figuratively. Sir Roger means simply that the walk was so closely associated in his mind with the widow as to seem to him to pertain to her, to belong to her; p. 111, l. 9.

Service; see WITH HIS SERVICE.

Shall; (1) a nice use of the word to denote customary or inevitable action; p. 147, l. 21. (2) **Shall** should be used as the future auxiliary, wherever it can be used without appearing in any way assertive or dictatorial. Is the use on p. 196, l. 26, justifiable?

Sheriff of the county; Introduction, Section 18.

Slash, a cut in the stuff of which a garment is made to show a brighter colored material underneath—a device much used in the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century; p. 97, l. 1.

Smoke, quiz (old slang); p. 217, l. 9.

Smoky, keen at detection (old slang); p. 192, l. 14.

So long; tautological here; p. 157, l. 20.

Softest, kindliest; p. 69, l. 3.

Soho Square, a fashionable quarter of the city when Sir Roger visited it; later he went to quieter lodgings in Norfolk Street; p. 55, l. 15.

Sonneteer; Sir Roger evidently considers literary work a very lackadaisical affair; p. 97, l. 5. See Introduction, Section 18 and footnote.

Species, the human species; p. 125, l. 12.

Spectator, The: Introduction, Sections 1, 24, 25, 30, 35.

Speculations; (1) observations on, or investigations of, truth; p. 150, l. 11; (2) used also to denote the successive numbers or issues of the *Spectator*; p. 69, l. 1.

Spleen, ill-humor, low spirits; melancholy; p. 127, l. 19.

Spring, to start up or rouse; p. 186, l. 2.

Spring Garden; "A prettily cultivated plantation, laid out with walks and arbors: the nightingale sang in the trees; wild roses could be gathered in the hedges and cherries in the orchard". It became a fashion to stroll in the garden alleys and eat a lobster or a syllabub. Rude gallants from the city bent on escapades, would thrust themselves into the supper arbors and in the close walks of the garden; "the windings and turnings in the little wilderness were so intricate that the most experienced mothers often lost themselves in looking for their daughters." Eighteenth century literature is full of adventures that took place in these and similar pleasure grounds; p. 223, l. 9.

Squire; Introduction, Section 18.

Squire's: Introduction, Section 12.

Staked, impaled on a stake or fence; p. 129, l. 20.

Started, p. 185, l. 18: *good starts;* p. 65, l. 8; hunting terms.

Steele; Introduction, Sections 6, 12, 27, 28-33.

Steenkirk, a signal defeat of the English king, August 3, 1692, by the French army, though he had at first surprised and routed them. To commemorate the celerity with which the French generals had dressed themselves for battle the Parisian fops wore their cravats in apparent disorder and called them Steenkirks. The English fops soon imitated their example. The battle therefore had some social distinction; p. 213, l. 24.

Stomach, disposition, especially a haughty disposition; p. 119, l. 4.

Stone-horse, a stallion (archaic and colloquial); p. 129, l, 20.

Stop-hounds. "When one of these hounds found the scent, he gave notice of his good fortune by deliberately squatting to impart more effect to his deep tones and to get wind for a fresh start."—*W. H. Wills.* The stop-hound was actually used only in stag-hunting; p. 129, l. 25.

Stories of a cock and a bull, cock and bull stories; p. 188, l. 22.

Streets; Introduction, Section 2.

Street signs; Introduction, Section 2

Stripped; have his livery taken off him, lose his place, be dismissed; p. 85, l. 12.

Stuarts; Introduction, Section 20.

Such a, a certain (a colloquial phrase); p. 98, l. 18.

"Supplement," a periodical newspaper; p. 204, l. 29.

Swift, Jonathan; Introduction, Sections 11, 19, 26.

Sydenham, Thomas, from 1660 to 1670, the chief physician of London; p. 126, l. 23.

Tansy, p. 116, l. 21; "Take about a dozen new-laid eggs, beat them up with three pints of cream, strain them through a coarse linen cloth, and put in of the strained juices of endive, spinach, sorrel and tansy each three spoonfuls; half a grated nutmeg, four ounces of fine sugar, and a little salt and rose-water. Put it, with a slight laying of butter under it, into a shallow pewter dish, and bake it in a moderately heated oven. Scrape over it loaf sugar, sprinkle rose-water, and serve it up."—*A Closet of Rarities,* 1706.

Target of the gentlemen, the shield; *came within the target,* struck the shield with his lance; p. 95, ll. 17, 18.

Tatler, The; Introduction, Sections 30, 31.

Templar; see INNS OF COURT, also Introduction, Section 9.

Temple Bar, a famous gateway in London dividing Fleet Street from the street called the Strand; p. 225, l. 5.

Tenement, a piece of property; p. 230, l. 5. *Tenement falls;* often in the law of this period, when a tenant wished to turn over the lease of his property (or tenement as it was legally called) to another man, he was obliged to pay a sum of money or fee (legally called a fine) to the landlord for the privilege. This money Sir Roger often used to establish or settle old servants comfortably for life. When so used Steele designates the money a "settlement"; p. 86, l. 18.

Terminates his satisfactions . . . within the supply of his own necessities, is perfectly happy so long as his own selfish desires are supplied; p. 64, l. 17.

That; *such . . . that* — such . . . as; p. 176, l. 2.

That [passage] **of Martial;** a common ellipsis in the days of the *Spectator;* p. 117, l. 7.

Theatre, The; Introduction, Sections 8, 9, 10.

This way, in this way; p. 129, l. 14.

Those kings; kings mentioned by Josephus in his *Antiquities* just before he reaches the passage which Addison quotes; p. 105, l. 1.

Till; either "so long" should be omitted in this sentence or "that" should be substituted for "till"; p. 157, l. 21.

Tilt Yard Coffee-House; Introduction, Section 12.

Tithe-stealers; tithes are a tax levied on the agricultural produce of a parish for the support of its clergy. A tithe-stealer is one who wrongfully withholds part of the tax; p. 109, l. 18.

To; used much more freely in the eighteenth century than today, as in the following cases: *to a point*, about a point: p. 53, l. 24; *to a visit*, on the way to making a visit: p. 56, l. 21; *takes notice to you*, calls your attention to: p. 60, l. 30; *oblige him to*, force him into: p. 61, l. 23; *smelling, notifying, fronting to*, smelling, notifying, fronting; p. 188, l. 16; p. 189, l. 1; p. 196, l. 17.

Tobacco-stopper, a contrivance for pressing down tobacco in a pipe. The smokers of the last century prided themselves on the fanciful shapes of their tobacco-stoppers. Fairholt gives a list of some of them; among them, a bear's tooth tipped with silver, Dr. Henry Sacheverel in full canonicals carved in ivory, a boot, a horse's hind leg, Punch, a milkmaid, a countryman with a flail, a soldier in armor, a bust of Charles I., a bust of Cromwell; p. 202, ll. 6, 7. The tobacco of this period was commonly prepared in the form of a twisted rope and made up in rolls; p. 210, l. 10.

Took off the dress he was in, took off the livery he was in, it being a badge of service; p. 88, l. 10. See STRIPPED, and note the distinction in significance between the two terms.

Tories and Whigs; Introduction, Sections 6, 10, 20, 21.

Travel; Introduction, Section 15.

Triumvirate; p. 72, l. 7. See Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1.

Trunk-maker; Introduction, Section 8.

Tulip-root; in Holland in the seventeenth century the price of tulips rose above that of most of the precious metals. Men gambled in them as men now gamble in stocks. Even in Will Wimble's day, though the "bubble had burst", tulips still retained a factitious value; p. 90, l. 23.

Tully, the eighteenth century name for Marcus Tullius Cicero, now known as Cicero; p. 57, l. 12.

Turn at Will's, take a; play a game or so of cards there; p. 57, l. 26.

Turtle [dove]; p. 77, l. 17.

Two first; modern usage now requires "first two"; p. 104, l. 10.

Uncapable; modern usage requires "incapable"; p. 92, l. 26.

Upon, about; p. 103, l. 4.

Vapors, a nervous disease, characterized by hallucinations and depression of spirits; Introduction, Section 5.

Vermin, a term once applied to obnoxious animals even of considerable size, but now more limited in its scope; p. 129, l. 10.

Victor; Introduction, Section 32.

Visitant, visitor (now seldom used except to designate supernatural visitors); p. 77, l. 5.

Vulgar (from the Latin *vulgus*, people), the rank and file of people, the common people; p. 121, l. 21.

Wall; Introduction, Section 2.

Warm, excited with drink; p. 118, l. 12.

War, The; Introduction, Sections 21, 25, 30.

Warwick, Lady; Introduction, Section 25.

Was; *you was*; this form was long used by some people in the desire to make language more logical; p. 229, l. 7. *If it was*; careful usage requires "were" here; p. 138, l. 21.

Watchmen; Introduction, Section 3.

Watermen; the river Thames was a favorite method of getting to distant parts of the city,—this, notwithstanding the ribaldry and blasphemy for which the watermen along the route were notorious; p. 224, l. 1.

Way; see RIGHT WE HAD, etc.

Weeds, garments, as in the phrase "widow's weeds"; p. 136, l. 29.

Westminster; the city of Westminster included the part of London in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey. As Westminster Abbey was once a cathedral or head church of a diocese, the municipality in which it was situated became, according to English law, a city; p. 186, l. 10.

Westminster Abbey, p. 208, l. 2; here the most celebrated of the English dead are buried together with others whose fame was but ephemeral. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel**, p. 210, l. 16, an English admiral who took part in the victory of La Hogue, was shipwrecked and drowned off the Scilly Islands in 1707. "Sir Cloudesley Shovel's Monument has very often given me great Offence: Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant Man, he is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Periwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State."—*Spectator*, No. 26. **Dr. Busby**, p. 210, l. 18, for fifty-five years headmaster of Westminster School; reputed to have whipped more great men than any other teacher of England, nevertheless he was loved and venerated by his pupils. **Statesman Cecil upon his knees**, p. 210, l. 29, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, kneeling at the base of his wife's tomb. **That martyr to good housewifery**, p. 211, l. 1, "one of the hundred lies which the attendant is said to have told Goldsmith's Citizen of the World without blushing". **Two coronation chairs**, p. 211, l. 8; the more recent of these two chairs was placed in the Abbey for the coronation of Mary as joint sovereign with her husband, William III. The stone "under", or properly speaking, set into the other, was called Jacob's pillar because tradition asserted that it was on this stone that Jacob had rested his head in the wilderness when he saw "the angels of God ascending and descending". Thence, so Scotch legends ran, it had gone to Spain, thence to Ireland and thence to Scotland. As an actual fact, it was a piece of common rough Scotch sandstone, set into the chair in which the kings of Scotland were crowned; it was seized by Edward I. of England in his conquest of Scotland and conveyed to the Abbey. Whoever sat in this chair must have had to pay a special fee or "tip" to the guide. **Edward III.** (p. 211, l. 24) and his son, the Black Prince, were the heroes of Crecy. The present motto of the successive Princes of Wales, *Ich dien*, commemorates this victory. The sword referred to is seven feet long and weighs eighteen pounds. **Touched for the evil** (or scrofula), p. 212, l. 1, on the supposition that a king's touch would effect a miraculous cure. This superstition was very prevalent at this time. **Without an head**, p. 212, ll. 5, 6; Henry V.; the head of solid silver was stolen, the rest of the figure, which was plated,

was stripped of its metal. **Interpreter**, p. 212, l. 23; the guide.

Whisperer, tale-bearer, informer; p. 142, l. 10.

Whitepot, a dish made of cream, sugar, rice, currants, cinnamon, etc.; p. 96, l. 16.

White witch; see MOLL WHITE.

Who have; this should properly be "which has"; p 68, l. 9. The grammar throughout this issue of the *Spectator* is defective in the matter of pronouns. Any intelligent reader can correct it, however.

Widow Trueby's water; "one of the innumerable strong waters drunk, it is said (perhaps libellously) chiefly by the fair sex as an exhilarant, the excuse being the colic and the vapors." —*W. H. Wills.* The base of most of these waters was brandy; p. 208, l. 17.

William the Conqueror's time, p. 50, l. 3; an amiable bit of vanity like the tracing of one's American ancestry back to the landing of the Mayflower. When the Conqueror had distributed the land of England among his aristocratic Norman followers, he had a census or survey taken, which, when completed in 1086, formed the first great English record to be published by the nation.

Will's, Child's, St. James's, Grecian, Cocoa Tree, Jonathan's; London coffee-houses; Introduction, Sections 11, 12. See also *turn at Will's.*

Wills, W. H., quoted; Introduction, Section 18, footnote.

Wimble; there is an adjective "wimble" meaning active, nimble. What other proper names in these papers have been selected with a purpose? p. 89, l. 3.

Winked; Sir Roger is unwilling to think that any one closely related to him could ever engage in trade; p. 97, l. 24.

Wishes, hopes (note that the old idiom here is the more accurate); p. 187, l. 2.

Wit; look up this word in the dictionaries. It meant not quite the same thing to the eighteenth century that it means to the nineteenth; p. 56, l. 28.

With his service to him; a phrase of courtesy analogous to "with his compliments"; p. 89, l. 5.

Woman; Sir Roger here recurs to the widow; p. 144, l. 15.

Woman of fashion; Introduction, Section 5.

Younger sons; Introduction, Section 14.

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